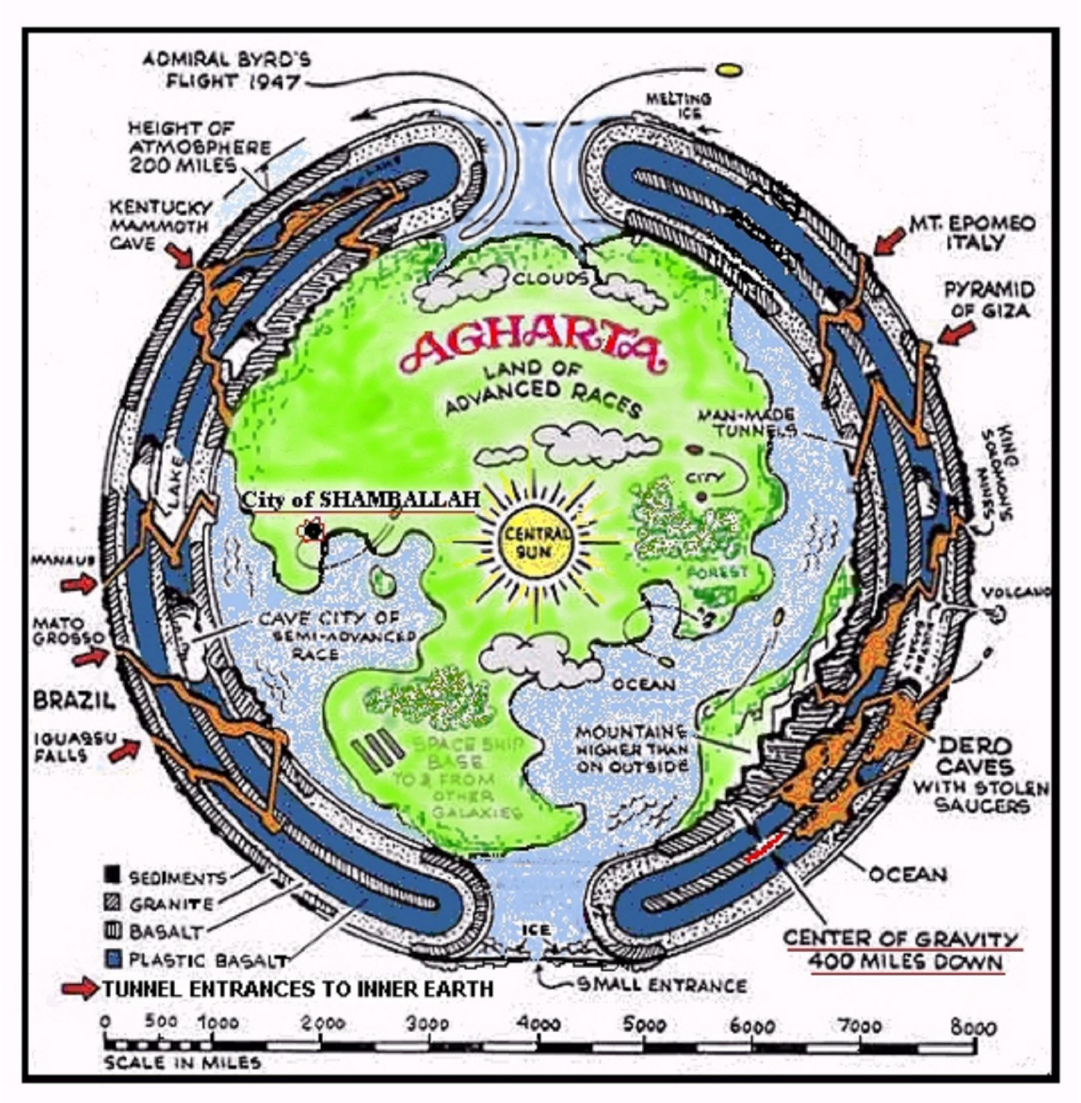
The Inner Earth & Realm of Aghartha

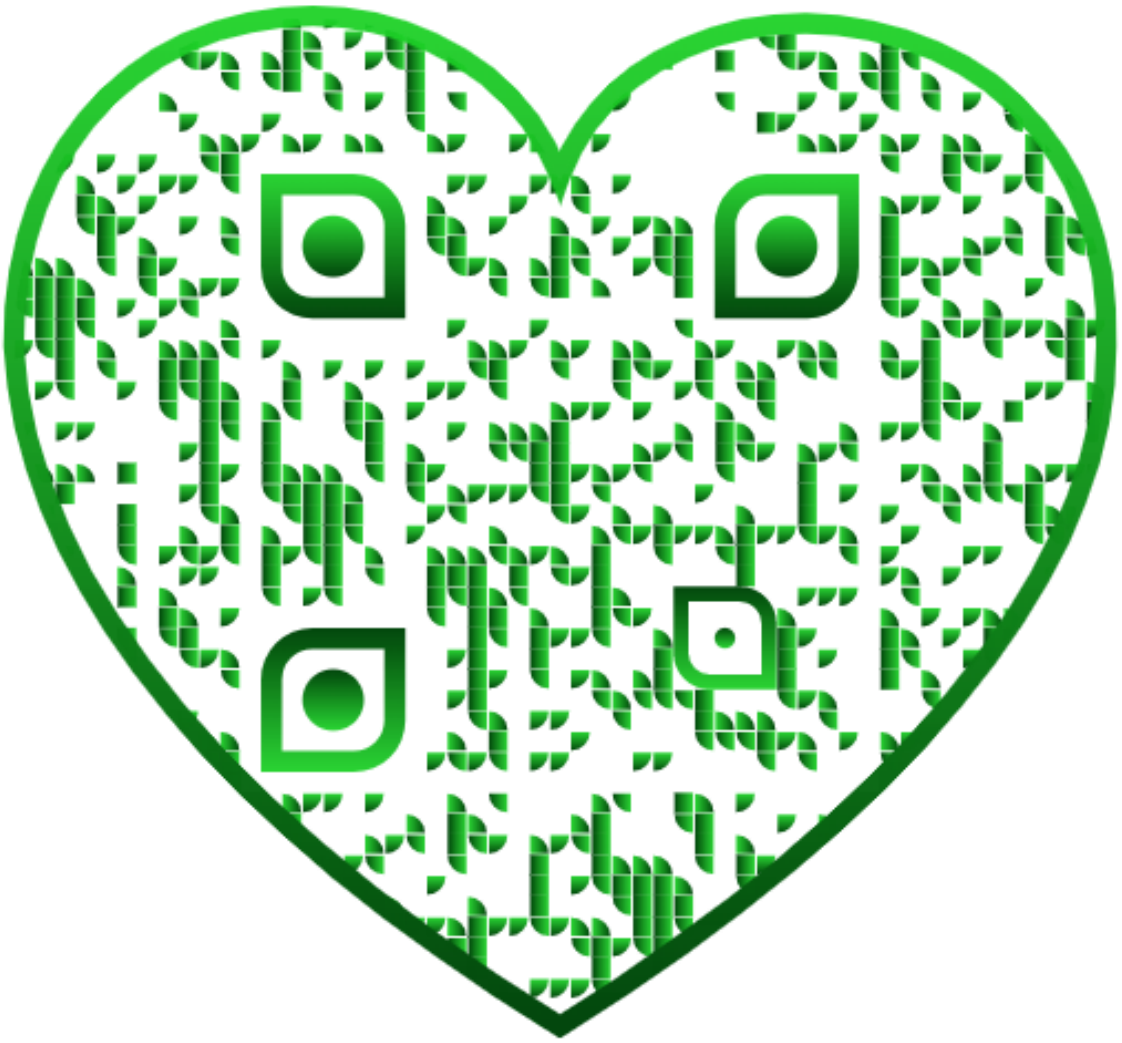


Aghartha In The Hollow Earth!

By Dr Joshua David Stone

The biggest cover-up of all time is the fact that there is a civilization of people living in the center of Earth, whose civilization's name is known as "Aghartha". This may be hard for some of you to believe. I know it was for me at first, however, I now have an absolute knowingness of the truth of this.

To begin with, the Buddhists, in their theology fervently believe in its existence. They believe it



to be a race of super men and women who occasionally come to the surface to oversee the development of the human race. They also believe that this subterranean world has millions of inhabitants and many cities, and their capital is Shamballa. The Master of this world was believed to have given orders to the Dalai Lama of Tibet, who was his terrestrial representative. His messages were being transmitted through certain secret tunnels connecting this inner world with Tibet.

The famous Russian channel, Nicholas Roerich, who was a channel for the Ascended Master, El Morya, claimed that Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, was connected by a tunnel with the inner earth, Shamballa. The entrance of this tunnel was guarded by lamas who were sworn to secrecy. A similar tunnel was believed to connect the secret chambers at the base of the great pyramid at Giza, and Agartha.

The Indian epic, the Ramayana and the Bhagavad Gita are the two most famous texts of India. The Ramayana tells the story of the great Avatar Rama. The Bhagavad Gita tells the story of Krishna. The Ramayana describes Rama as an "emissary from Agartha", who arrived on an air vehicle. This is quite extraordinary in that both the Buddhist and Hindu religions separately refer to Aghartha.

The first public scientific evidence occurred in 1947 when Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd of the United States Navy flew directly to the North Pole and instead of going over the pole, actually entered the Inner Earth. In his diary with other witnesses, he tells of entering the hollow interior of the Earth, and traveling 1700 miles over mountains, lakes, rivers, green vegetation and animal life. He tells of seeing monstrous animals resembling the mammoth of antiquity moving through the underbrush. He eventually found cities and a thriving civilization.

His plane was finally greeted by flying machines, the type he had never seen before. They escorted him to a safe landing place and he was graciously greeted by emissaries from Aghartha. After resting, he and his crew were taken to meet the Ruler of Aghartha. They told him that he had been allowed to enter Aghartha because of his high moral and ethical character. They went on to say that ever since the United States had dropped atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagosaki, they had been very concerned for their own safety and survival. They had decided that it was time to make greater contact with the outside world to make sure we didn't destroy this planet and their civilization with it. They had been allowed in for this express purpose, as a way of making contact with someone they trusted.

To make a long story short, Admiral Byrd and his crew, upon their visit, were guided by their hosts in their plane back to the outer world, and their lives were changed forever.

In January, 1956, Admiral Byrd led another expedition to the Antarctic and/or the South Pole. In this expedition he and his crew penetrated for 2,300 miles into the center of Earth again. Admiral Byrd states that the North and South Pole are actually two of many openings to the center of Earth. I can't but help think about Jules Vernes famous science fiction book, "Journey to the Center of the Earth", which many of you may have read or watched the movie version movie.

Admiral Byrd also states Inner Earth has an inner Sun. Admiral Byrd's theory is that the poles of the Earth are convex, rather than concave. Ships and planes can actually fly or drive right in.

The American press announced Admiral Byrd's discovery, however it was immediately suppressed by our good friends, the Secret Government. Ray Palmer, the editor of "Flying Saucer Magazine" did a detailed story on Admiral Byrd's discovers. The United States Government either bought, stole or destroyed almost every copy and then destroyed the plates at the printing press.

I have been told that the exact same thing happened in respect to an article done on Admiral Byrd's discovery by the "National Geographic". The magazine was released and the U.S. Government gobbled up almost every issue. If the story wasn't true how come the Government was so uptight?

Another interesting fact is that the United States Government does not let planes fly over the poles. All flights are directed to go around the Poles, and any airline pilot flying in these areas will tell you this. Another interesting phenomena is the fact that the icebergs are composed of fresh water and not salt water that drift from the Poles. Another interesting question is why it is warmer nearer the Poles than it is 600 to 1000 miles away from it.

In Dr. Raymond Bernard's book called "The Hollow Earth" he tells of a man who confirmed Admiral Byrd's story. Dr. Nephi Cotton of Los Angeles reported that one of his patients, a man of Nordic descent, told him the following story:

"I lived near the Arctic Circle in Norway. One summer my friend and I made up our minds to take a boat trip together and go as far as we could into the North country. So we put a months worth of food provisions in a small fishing boat and set to sea.

"At the end of one month we had traveled far into the north, beyond the Pole and into a strange new country. We were much astonished at the weather there. Warm, and at times at night it was almost too warm to sleep. Then we saw something so strange that we were both astonished. Ahead of the warm open sea we were on what looked like a great mountain. Into that mountain at a certain point that ocean seemed to be emptying. Mystified, we continued in that direction and found ourselves sailing into a vast canyon leading into the interior of the Earth. We kept sailing and then we saw what surprised us… a Sun shining inside the Earth.

"The ocean that had carried us into the hollow interior of the Earth gradually became a river. This river led, as we came to realize later, all through the inner surface of the world from one end to the other. It can take you, if you follow it long enough, from the North Pole clear through to the South Pole.

"We saw that the inner surface of the Earth was divided, as the other one is, into both land and water. There is plenty of sunshine and both animal and vegetable life abounds there. We sailed further and further into this fantastic country, fantastic because everything was huge in size as

compared with things on the outside. Plants are big, trees gigantic and finally we came to giants.

"They were dwelling in homes and towns, just as we do on the Earth surface, and they used a type of electrical conveyance like a mono-rail car, to transport people. It ran along the river's edge from town to town.

"Several of the Inner Earth inhabitants, huge giants, detected our boat on the river, and were quite amazed. They were, however, quite friendly. We were invited to dine with them in their homes, and so my companion and I separated, he going with one giant to that giant's home and I going with another giant to his home.

"My gigantic friend brought me home to his family and I was completely dismayed to see the huge size of all the objects in his home. The dinner table was colossal. A plate was put before me and filled with a portion of food so big it would have fed me abundantly an entire week. The Giant offered me a cluster of grapes and each grape was as big as one of our peaches. I tasted one and found it far sweeter than any I had ever tasted outside. In the interior of the Earth all the fruits and vegetables taste far better and more flavorsome than those we have on the outer surface of the Earth.

"We stayed with the Giants for one year, enjoying their companionship as much as they enjoyed knowing us. We observed many strange and unusual things during our visit with these remarkable people, and were continually amazed at their scientific progress and inventions. All of this time they were never unfriendly to us, and we were allowed to return to our own home in the same manner in which we came… in fact, they courteously offered their protection if we should need it for the return voyage."

Another different account about a visit to the hollow Earth was cited by another Norwegian by the name of Olaf Jansen, and was recorded in a book called "The Smoky God", written by Willis George Emerson. The term "Smoky God" refers to the Central Sun in the hollow interior of the Earth which is smaller and less brilliant than our outer Sun, of course, and hence appears as smoky.

The book relates the experiences of a Noarse father and his son who in their small fishing boat attempted to find the "land beyond the North wind", which they had heard about. A windstorm apparently carried them through the polar opening into the hollow interior of the Earth.

The book was published in 1908. It tells of the son's experiences. They apparently spent two years there and upon returning through the South polar opening, the father lost his life when an iceberg broke in two and destroyed the boat. The son was rescued and told his incredible story.

He was placed in a prison for the insane because no one would believe him. After being released and spending 26 years as a fisherman, he moved to the United States. In his nineties he befriended Willis George Emerson and told him his story. On his death bed he also gave him maps that he had made of the interior of the Earth and the manuscript of his experiences. The book, "The Smoky God", tells of his experiences.

[*The full text of "The Smoky God" is available near the end of this document, just before the more recent Inner Earth communications through Dianne Robbins*]

In the book he said that the people live from 400 to 800 years and are highly advanced in science. They can transmit their thoughts from one to another by certain types of radiations and have sources of power greater than our electricity. They are the creators of flying saucers, which are operated by this superior power, drawn from the electromagnetism of the atmosphere. They are twelve or more feet in stature.

One other interesting side note is that in 1942, Nazi Germany sent out an expedition composed of some of its leading scientists in an attempt to find an entrance to the hollow Earth. Göring, Himmler, and Hitler enthusiastically endorsed the project. The Fuehrer was convinced that the Earth was concave and that man lived on the inside of the globe.

In "The Hollow Earth", Raymond Bernard also tells of a photograph published in 1960 in the Toronto, Canada Globe and Mail, which shows a beautiful valley with lush, green hills. An aviator claimed that the picture had been taken from his airplane as he flew "beyond the North Pole".

The Channelings of Djwhal Khul on the Hollow Earth

Whenever I do research on a given subject I like to get Djwhal Khul's feedback on the information I have come up with. Upon sharing with Him what I have shared with you in this book, he had a number of interesting things to add.

First off, he confirmed that Admiral Byrd did, indeed, travel to the Inner Earth as he said he did. He said that there is a Sun in the Inner Earth, but it is different than our outer Sun. He said that the Aurora Borealis was not caused by the Sun of the Inner Earth, but from a different light source. he said that the opening at the Poles were very wide and ships and planes can fly into it, however it is naturally protected by some kind of energy field. People can find it if they really search for it, however, it is slightly camouflaged by this energy field.

He confirmed that there were entrances to the Inner Earth in Egypt, Tibet and the Yukatan, and also added that there were other entrances in the Bermuda Triangle, Soviet Union, and Africa.
He said that there were different races in the Inner Earth just like on the surface of the Earth, and some of them are quite tall. He also confirmed that the United States Government and other countries are aware of the Inner Earth and are coverin up the fact as they are with UFO's and extraterrestrials.

Dr Joshua David Stone – [http://www.iamuniversity.ch/Agartha-In-The-Hollow-Earth]

Admiral Richard B. Byrd's Diary *(February - March 1947)*

The exploration flight over the North Pole

The Inner Earth - My Secret Diary

I must write this diary in secrecy and obscurity. It concerns my Arctic flight of the nineteenth day of February in the year of Nineteen and Forty-Seven.

There comes a time when the rationality of men must fade into insignificance and one must accept the inevitability of the Truth! I am not at liberty to disclose the following documentation at this writing ...perhaps it shall never see the light of public scrutiny, but I must do my duty and record here for all to read one day. In a world of greed and exploitation of certain of mankind can no longer suppress that which is truth.

Flight Log: Base Camp Arctic, 2/19/1947

0600 Hours - All preparations are complete for our flight northward and we are airborne with full fuel tanks at 0610 Hours.

0620 Hours - fuel mixture on starboard engine seems too rich, adjustment made and Pratt Whittneys are running smoothly.

0730 Hours - Radio Check with base camp. All is well and radio reception is normal.

0740 Hours - Note slight oil leak in starboard engine, oil pressure indicator seems normal, however.

0800 Hours - Slight turbulence noted from easterly direction at altitude of 2321 feet, correction to 1700 feet, no further turbulence, but tail wind increases, slight adjustment in throttle controls, aircraft performing very well now.

0815 Hours- Radio Check with base camp, situation normal.

0830 Hours - Turbulence encountered again, increase altitude to 2900 feet, smooth flight conditions again.

0910 Hours - Vast Ice and snow below, note coloration of yellowish nature, and disperse in a linear pattern. Altering course for a better examination of this color pattern below, note reddish or purple color also. Circle this area two full turns and return to assigned compass heading. Position check made again to Base Camp, and relay information concerning colorations in the Ice and snow below.

0910 Hours - Both Magnetic and Gyro compasses beginning to gyrate and wobble, we are unable to hold our heading by instrumentation. Take bearing with Sun compass, yet all seems well. The controls are seemingly slow to respond and have sluggish quality, but there is no indication of Icing!

0915 Hours - In the distance is what appears to be mountains.

0949 Hours - 29 minutes elapsed flight time from the first sighting of the mountains, it is no illusion. They are mountains and consisting of a small range that I have never seen before!

0955 Hours - Altitude change to 2950 feet, encountering strong turbulence again.

1000 Hours - We are crossing over the small mountain range and still proceeding northward as best as can be ascertained. Beyond the mountain range is what appears to be a valley with a small river or stream running through the center portion. There should be no green valley below! Something is definitely wrong and abnormal here! We should be over Ice and Snow! To the portside are great forests growing on the mountain slopes. Our navigation Instruments are still spinning, the gyroscope is oscillating back and forth!

1005 Hours - I alter altitude to 1400 feet and execute a sharp left turn to better examine the valley below. It is green with either moss or a type of tight-knit grass. The Light here seems different. I cannot see the Sun anymore. We make another left turn and we spot what seems to be a large animal of some kind below us. It appears to be an elephant! NO!!! It looks more like a mammoth! This is incredible! Yet, there it is! Decrease altitude to 1000 feet and take binoculars to better examine the animal. It is confirmed - it is definitely a mammoth-like animal! Report this to Base Camp.

1030 Hours - Encountering more rolling green hills now. The external temperature indicator reads 74 degrees Fahrenheit! Continuing on our heading now. Navigation instruments seem normal now. I am puzzled over their actions. Attempt to contact Base Camp. Radio is not functioning!

1130 Hours - Countryside below is more level and normal (if I may use that word). Ahead we spot what seems to be a city!!!! This is impossible! Aircraft seems light and oddly buoyant. The controls refuse to respond!! My GOD!!! Off our port and starboard wings are a strange type of aircraft. They are closing rapidly alongside! They are disc-shaped and have a radiant quality to them.
They are close enough now to see the markings on them. It is a type of Swastika!!! This is fantastic. Where are we! What has happened. I tug at the controls again. They will not respond!!!! We are caught in an invisible vice grip of some type!

1135 Hours - Our radio crackles and a voice comes through in English with what perhaps is a slight Nordic or Germanic accent! The message is: 'Welcome, Admiral, to our Domain. We shall land you in exactly seven minutes! Relax, Admiral, you are in good hands.' I note the engines of our plane have stopped running! The aircraft is under some strange control and is now turning itself. The controls are useless.

1140 Hours - Another radio message received. We begin the landing process now, and in moments the plane shudders slightly, and begins a descent as though caught in some great unseen elevator! The downward motion is negligible, and we touch down with only a slight jolt!

1145 Hours - I am making a hasty last entry in the Flight Log. Several men are approaching on

foot toward our aircraft. They are tall with blond hair. In the distance is a large shimmering city pulsating with rainbow hues of color. I do not know what is going to happen now, but I see no signs of weapons on those approaching. I hear now a voice ordering me by name to open the cargo door. I comply.

End Log

From this point I write all the following events here from memory. It defies the imagination and would seem all but madness if it had not happened. The radioman and I are taken from the aircraft and we are received in a most cordial manner. We were then boarded on a small platform-like conveyance with no wheels! It moves us toward the glowing city with great swiftness. As we approach, the city seems to be made of a crystal material. Soon we arrive at a large building that is a type I have never seen before. It appears to be right out of the design board of Frank Lloyd Wright, or perhaps more correctly, out of a Buck Rogers setting!! We are given some type of warm beverage which tasted like nothing I have ever savored before. It is delicious.

After about ten minutes, two of our wondrous appearing Hosts come to our quarters and announce that I am to accompany them. I have no choice but to comply. I leave my Radioman behind and we walk a short distance and enter into what seems to be an elevator. We descend downward for some moments, the machine stops, and the door lifts silently upward! We then proceed down a long hallway that is lit by a rose-colored light that seems to be emanating from the very walls themselves!

One of the beings motions for us to stop before a great door. Over the door is an inscription that I cannot read. The great door slides noiselessly open and I am beckoned to enter. One of my Hosts speaks. 'Have no fear, Admiral, you are to have an audience with the Master...'

I step inside and my eyes adjust to the beautiful coloration that seems to be filling the room completely. Then I begin to see my surroundings. What greeted my eyes is the most beautiful sight of my entire existence. It is in fact too beautiful and wondrous to describe. It is exquisite and delicate. I do not think there exists a Human term that can describe it in any detail with justice! My thoughts are interrupted in a cordial manner by a warm rich voice of melodious quality, 'I bid you welcome to our Domain, Admiral.' I see a man with delicate features and with the etching of years upon his face. He is seated at a long table. He motions me to sit down in one of the chairs. After I am seated, he places his fingertips together and smiles. He speaks softly again, and conveys the following.

“We have let you enter here because you are of noble character and well-known on the Surface World, Admiral.”

“Surface World?”, I half-gasp under my breath!

“Yes,” the Master replies with a smile, “you are in the domain of the Arianni, the Inner World of the Earth. We shall not long delay your mission, and you will be safely escorted back to the

surface and for a distance beyond. But now, Admiral, I shall tell you why you have been summoned here. Our interest rightly begins just after your race exploded the first atomic bombs over Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japan. It was at that alarming time we sent our flying machines, the *"Flugelrads"*, to your surface world to investigate what your race had done. That is, of course, past history now, my dear Admiral, but I must continue on. You see, we have never interfered before in your race's wars, and barbarity, but now we must, for you have learned to tamper with a certain power that is not for Man, namely, that of atomic energy. Our emissaries have already delivered messages to the powers of your world, and yet they do not heed. Now you have been chosen to be witness here that our world does exist. You see, our Culture and Science is many thousands of years beyond your race, Admiral."

I interrupted, "But what does this have to do with me, Sir?"

The Master's eyes seemed to penetrate deeply into my mind, and after studying me for a few moments he replied, "Your race has now reached the point of no return, for there are those among you who would destroy your very World rather than relinquish their power as they know it..."

I nodded, and the Master continued, "In 1945 and afterward, we tried to contact your race, but our efforts were met with hostility, our *Flugelrads* were fired upon. Yes, even pursued with malice and animosity by your fighter planes. So, now, I say to you, my son, there is a great storm gathering in your World, a black fury that will not spend itself for many years. There will be no answer in your Arms, there will be no safety in your Science. It may rage on until every flower of your culture is trampled, and all Human things are leveled in vast chaos. Your recent War was only a prelude of what is yet to come for your race. We here see it more clearly with each hour..do you say I am mistaken?"

"No," I answer, "it happened once before, the Dark Ages came and they lasted for more than five hundred years."

"Yes, my son," replied the Master, "the Dark Ages that will come now for your race will cover the Earth like a pall, but I believe that some of your race will live through the storm, beyond that, I cannot say. We see at a great distance a new world stirring from the ruins of your race, seeking its lost and legendary treasures, and they will be here, my son, safe in our keeping. When that time arrives, we shall come forward again to help revive your culture and your race. Perhaps, by then, you will have learned the futility of war and its strife...and after that time, certain of your culture and science will be returned for your race to begin anew. You, my son, are to return to the Surface World with this message....."

With these closing words, our meeting seemed at an end. I stood for a moment as in a deam....but, yet, I knew this was reality, and for some strange reason I bowed slightly, either out of respect or humility, I do not know which.

Suddenly, I was again aware that the two beautiful Hosts who had brought me here were again at my side. "This way, Admiral," motioned one. I turned once more before leaving and looked back

toward the Master. A gentle smile was etched on his delicate and ancient face. 'Farewell, my son,' he spoke, then he gestured with a lovely, slender hand a motion of peace and our meeting was truly ended.

Quickly, we walked back through the great door of the Master's chamber and once again entered into the elevator. The door slid silently downward and we were at once going upward. One of my hosts spoke again, “We must now make haste, Admiral, as the Master desires to delay you no longer on your scheduled timetable and you must return with his message to your race.”

I said nothing. All of this was almost beyond belief, and once again my thoughts were interrupted as we stopped. I entered the room and was again with my Radioman. He had an anxious expression on his face. As I approached, I said, “It is all right, Howie, it is all right.”

The two beings motioned us toward the awaiting conveyance, we boarded, and soon arrived back at the aircraft. The engines were idling and we boarded immediately. The whole atmosphere seemed charged now with a certain air of urgency. After the cargo door was closed the aircraft was immediately lifted by that unseen force until we reached an altitude of 2700 feet. Two of the aircraft were alongside for some distance guiding us on our return way. I must state here, the airspeed indicator registered no reading, yet we were moving along at a very rapid rate.

215 Hours - A radio message comes through. “We are leaving you now, Admiral, your controls are free. Auf Wiedersehen!!!!”

We watched for a moment as the *flugelrads* disappeared into the pale blue sky. The aircraft suddenly felt as though caught in a sharp downdraft for a moment. We quickly recovered her control. We do not speak for some time, each man has his thoughts....

Entry in Flight Log continues:

220 Hours - We are again over vast areas of ice and snow, and approximately 27 minutes from Base Camp. We radio them, they respond. We report all conditions normal....normal. Base Camp expresses relief at our re-established contact.

300 Hours - We land smoothly at Base Camp. I have a mission.....

End Log Entries:

March 11, 1947. I have just attended a Staff Meeting at the Pentagon. I have stated fully my discovery and the message from the Master. All is duly recorded. The President has been advised. I am now detained for several hours (six hours, thirty- nine minutes, to be exact.) I am interviewed intently by Top Security Forces and a medical team. It was an ordeal!!!! I am placed under strict control via the National Security provisions of this United States of America. I am ORDERED TO REMAIN SILENT IN REGARD TO ALL THAT I HAVE LEARNED, ON THE BEHALF OF HUMANITY!!! Incredible! I am reminded that I am a Military Man and I must

obey orders.

30/12/56: Final Entry:

These last few years elapsed since 1947 have not been kind...I now make my final entry in this singular diary. In closing, I must state that I have faithfully kept this matter secret as directed all these years. It has been completely against my values of moral right. Now, I seem to sense the long night coming on and this secret will not die with me, but as all truth shall, it will triumph and so it shall.

This can be the only hope for Mankind. I have seen the truth and it has quickened my spirit and has set me free! I have done my duty toward the monstrous military industrial complex. Now, the long night begins to approach, but there shall be no end. Just as the long night of the Arctic ends, the brilliant sunshine of Truth shall come again....and those who are of darkness shall fall in it's Light. FOR I HAVE SEEN THAT LAND BEYOND THE POLE, THAT CENTER OF THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

Admiral Richard E. Byrd
United States Navy
24 December 1956

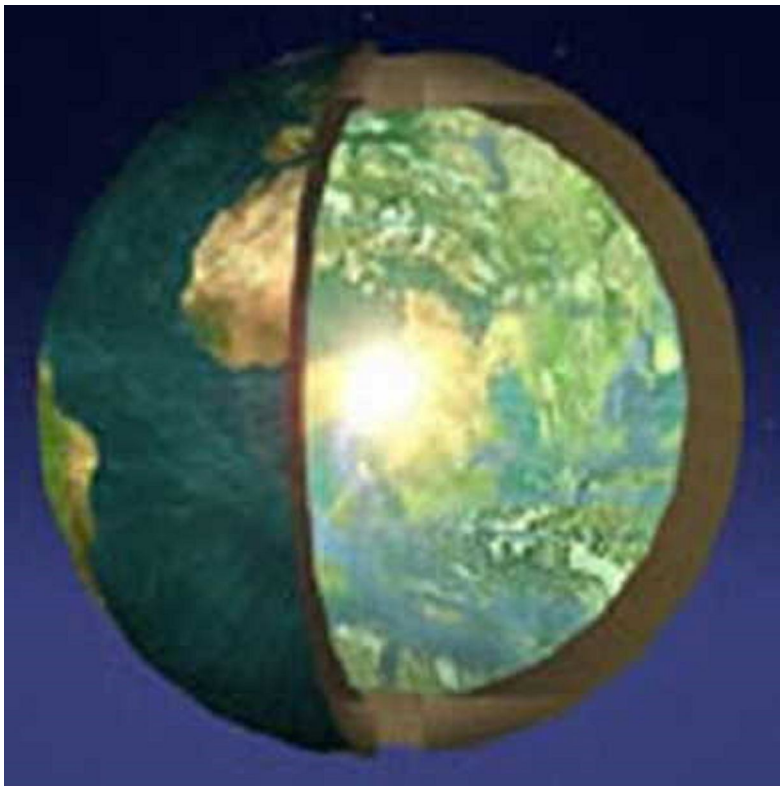
One of the early writers to present the theory of the Earth being hollow with openings at its poles was an American thinker, William Reed, author of the book, "**Phantom of the Poles**," published in 1906. This book provides an early compilation of scientific evidence, based on the reports of Arctic explorers, in support of the theory that the Earth is hollow with openings at its poles. Reed estimates that the crust of the Earth has a thickness of 800 miles, while its hollow interior has a diameter of 6,400 miles. Reed summarizes his revolutionary theory as follows:
"The Earth is hollow. The Poles, so long sought, are phantoms. There are openings at the northern and southern extremities. In the interior are vast continents, oceans, mountains and rivers. Vegetable and animal life are evident in this New World, and it is probably peopled by races unknown to dwellers on the Earth's surface."

Reed pointed out that the Earth is not a true sphere, but is flattened at the Poles, or rather it begins to flatten out as one approaches the hypothetical North and South Pole, which really do not exist because the openings to its hollow interior occur there. Hence the Poles are really in midair, in the center of the polar openings and are not on its surface as would-be discoverers of the Poles suppose.

Reed claims that the Poles cannot be discovered because the Earth is hollow at its Pole points, which exist in midair, due to the existence there of polar openings leading to its interior. When explorers thought they reached the Pole, they were misled by the eccentric behavior of the compass in high latitudes, north and south. Reed claims that this happened in the case of Peary and Cook, neither of whom really reached the North Pole, as we shall later see.

Starting at 70 to 75 degrees North and South latitude the Earth starts to curve INWARDS. The Pole is simply the outer rim of a magnetic circle around the polar opening. The North Magnetic Pole, once thought to be a point in the Arctic Archipelago, has been lately shown by Soviet Arctic explorers to be a line approximately 1000 miles long. However, as we stated above, instead of being a straight line it is really a circular line constituting the rim of the polar opening. When an explorer reaches this rim, he has reached the North Magnetic Pole; and though the compass will always point to it after one passes it, it is really not the North Pole even if one is deluded into thinking it is, or that he discovered the Pole due to having been misled by his compass. When one reaches this magnetic circle (the rim of the polar opening), the magnetic needle of the compass points straight down. This has been observed by many Arctic explorers who, after reaching high latitudes, near to 90 degrees, were dumbfounded by the inexplicable action of the compass and its tendency to point vertically upward. (They were then inside the polar opening and the compass pointed to the Earth's North Magnetic Pole which was along the rim of this opening).

As the Earth turns on its axis, the motion is gyroscopic, like the spinning of a top. The outer gyroscopic pole is the magnetic circle of the rim of the polar opening. Beyond the rim the Earth flattens and slopes gradually toward its hollow interior. The true Pole is the exact center of the opening at the Poles, which, consequently, do not really exist, and those who claimed to have discovered them did not tell the truth, even if they thought they did, having been misled by the irregular action of the compass at high latitudes. For this reason, neither Cook nor Peary nor any other explorer ever reached the North or South Poles, and never will.



Satellite picture of 1968

Traveler to the Inner Earth

Below is an incredible first-hand account from a US Air Force Colonel about the inside of our Planet, *[courtesy* abovetopsecret.com/onelight.com*.]*

This information was gathered and written down with permission, from a recording taken on the phone January 10, 2002 (Greg Gavin/Onelight.com):

My name is **Colonel Billie Faye Woodard of the United States Air Force.**

Arrival and Indoctrination

I was first stationed at Area 51, Nevada, Jan.28, 1971 through 1982. In that period of service I visited the Hollow Interior of the Earth six times, 800 miles deep. Upon my arrival to Area 51 I was indoctrinated to the existence of tunnels beneath Area 51, and soon after I met several of the Underground Shuttle Operators that have a stature of 13 to 14 feet in height. These tunnels, that transverse the world, are built by a species of beings who have existed here before we, a very long time.

Immediately on my arrival to Area 51, I was made aware of the tunnels and all the workings of the facility itself. They told me that the first 15 levels of the Area 51 facility were man made; that Levels 16-27 were already there. Nobody from our government made them. We were just facilitating them.

My father had been stationed at Roswell. As part of my induction into the military he requested that I be stationed along with him at the Pentagon. There they said "we have a new duty station for you which will be Area 51 facility, Nevada". Commonly referred to as S-4.
When I went into the Pentagon I was a second lieutenant. When I came to the Pentagon they gave me the field commission as first lieutenant. After 3 weeks of being there they handed me my full colonel rank, saying "you have to be a full colonel to be stationed at this next facility".
There were 150,000 personnel in this facility, approx. 85% military personnel and 15% civilian. Following my arrival I was taken underground and did not see the light of day for 11.5 years.

The Tunnels and Shuttles

The Walls of the Tunnels are very smooth. If you were to pull a hollow tube through a ball of clay you can get an idea of how smooth. The walls have what is likened to a marble finish, which are made of a metal substance, impenetrable; the surface of the walls can not be penetrated even by a diamond drill nor will a laser penetrate the surface.

Remember there was a time when we used to see troop movements from point A to B on the Earth's surface, continually. It was not that long ago. Now, you rarely see this. Now they use tunnels to move all these troops at long distances. The tunnels are wide enough to drive 2, 18 foot wheelers side by side.

Stemming from Area 51, one shuttle goes out to the Pacific Ocean - 350 miles due west of Monterey - where there is a pyramid; another shuttle goes to the Cheyenne Mountain facility

The length of a large shuttle machine is approx 1/4 mile long. Interior inhabitants make use of these machines - a huge vessel for moving large numbers of people/beings/whatever quickly. The smaller shuttle is 50-60 feet in length, this was the kind I was in. The speed of the shuttles is faster than the speed of sound, they can travel from Area 51 to the main interior of the Earth in less than 10 Earth minutes. In 5-6 minutes you are there.

The material used to make the shuttles is the same substance that made up the skin of the spacecraft at

Roswell. The shuttles run on electromagnetic power using the Earth's grid line. The operators who I mentioned earlier who are of a stature of 13-14 ft. in height, look like us in their appearance but much more highly evolved, and speak through telepathy. The men have beards or not, and the women's skin is flawless, indeed having a perfect clear complexion. Their expression for Humans is one of concern for Us - as they see where we Humans are headed. There are seven civilizations residing in the Inner Earth - which are governed by the principles of harmony. They understand and they speak all languages of the earth. Their understanding of medical knowledge is phenomenal.

My Personal History

At the age of 12, while walking through a field of corn with another friend I had a paranormal experience. I was taken into a UFO vehicle and transported into the Inner Earth. Here, I lived for 6 months among the Hollow Earth residents.

You may imagine the wonder of my parents especially of my Father who was in the Military Service, at that time when I disappeared, then to mysteriously return in 6 months. It was due to this experience that I believe my Father made certain that I was engaged under his wing at the Pentagon and later directed to serve at Area 51.

I am not the biological offspring of my Father, but an adopted child as was my Sister. My Sister was killed by what is referred to as the “Secret Government”. I was able to combat their negativity with my mind, which is stronger, and survived their attacks.

It is my knowledge through my Guide Zora, an Inner Earth scientist who is 150,000 years old, that my Sister and myself are originally from the Inner Earth, that our true parents live in the Inner Earth. When our Father took us in as adopted children we did not speak a language known to any surface culture.

I have an unknown blood type. I have never had a disease of any kind. My blood has been medically examined and destroys all viral infection when combined with other blood samples in a lab setting.

Hollow Earth Vortexes

The Hollow Earth residents have the ability to split the ocean floor and create a vortex, as is shown with the Bermuda Triangle. There are 7 different levels in these vortexes, and equipment and beings are brought in and placed corresponding to these different levels.

The vortexes act as doorways for entrance or exit to the hollow interior of the Earth. There is more than one triangle area off of Florida, one at Lake Erie, and another off the coast of Mexico, one off of Japan; as well as other geographic locations of the Earth. These are called "Quiet Zones". These doorways allow creatures from the interior to come out and in such as the Sasquatch, LochNess...etc.

All planets are hollow as is the Sun, which is really a planet. There are civilizations in the Sun which have colonies in the Earth' subterranean regions.

Seeking Entry

In order to locate an entrance to the Inner Earth, where ever you are underground, all that you need is your compass. The compass will spin as if you are standing at the North Pole at the tunnel entrance to the Inner Earth.

When I left the Military Service, I no longer had a means of going into the Hollow Earth. It was necessary

that I seek another way. I, and a party of interested seekers, rented a plane which took us to the very rim of the North Pole.

The People of the Interior

The people of the interior were very free with showing me around, very articulate in showing you what is exactly going on - they do not hold anything back. They always ask permission when working with Nature, they ask the plants for permission before consuming them or cutting them down, they ask the Mother Earth before they build on it, and do so build with the lay of the land which best suits their environment, a practice similar to the American Indians; therefore seeking to preserve a harmonious state at all times; wanting to be one with Nature at all times; they are more spiritually advanced than surface dwellers and greatly respect Mother Earth.

The atmosphere is crystal clear, as a rule there are at times clouds, but nothing like rain clouds. The temperature is a constant 73 degrees.

The people in the interior speak directly with the animals, and the animals speak directly to the people of the interior.

There is no need for hoarding, for everything is free, no need to create in abundance as everything is ample. A process of bartering is more common than trade in money.

This is basically a utopian culture with no depression leading into violence. No parties seeking to make war and gain dominance over each other. There are none richer nor poorer.

There are aero-ships (we term on the surface as *flying saucers*) in which a part of themselves, a part of their personality goes into the creation of the aero-ship through the process of thought, due to their very powerful minds. This makes the aero-ships perfect in design and execution in motion. Only a few persons of the surface have these similar abilities to create, due to the repression of these abilities in childhood by religion, education, and family fears. The people of the interior are allowed to enter the space of their imagination, if you will, and there they create. Disease will not enter their bodies - for it is not allowed.

As surface Humanity enters into the coming 4th dimensional phase, the Inner Earth people will come forward and more deeply work with us on the surface. People on the surface are presently so involved with the sense of "me" that they can not live together harmoniously.

People of the surface who seek to reach the Inner Earth inhabitants through meditation, will receive it. Children who are being born now are becoming more capable of using the wholeness of their brain, which is in common practice in the Interior.

One of the first things they showed us in the interior was their capability of interplanetary travel and time travel. The basis of time travel is likened to bending space, which comes through the power of meditation and by the acceptance of being an unlimited being. If you train your mind at a subconscious level that you are an unlimited being all things are possible.

On the surface, capabilities to experience this infinite power are more easily awakened at such Portals as Mt. Shasta which serves as a Space Time Portal directly to the Inner Earth. Once in the surroundings of Mt. Shasta you are drawn into the “harmonious state”. In my experiences at Mt. Shasta the Telosians in their civilisation underground in that area are projecting an aura of great harmony in a lovely atmosphere.

Area 51

Of all I saw at Area 51, 95% remains hidden from the public. Going into Area 51 is like going into another world, where they are terribly afraid that other countries and other parties are going to get "this" information. Their thoughts being "if we admit that the Earth is hollow, with a central intelligence in it, this is going to cause discord and fear". This fear process is generated by the private companies who seek to control and advance their own needs and personal agendas through Area 51.

I left the Air Force due to their domineering ways by those who sought to act like control freaks, who were stagnating my ability to think and act in a creative manner. In accepting their Orders not to talk about such information, they take it for granted that one will automatically obey.

Because of my outgoing desire to share information and inform the public at large my Service Pension and all my benefits and rights such as the use of the Commissary, dental and medical, were taken away.

I was in the military for 13.5 years, from basic to the Pentagon and then to Area 51. The genetic engineering that is taking place at Area 51 is with our younger generation. The "milk carton children" whose photos were commonly seen in the markets in the past, were abducted and taken to Area 51.

Level 16 of Area 51 is the genetic engineering level, where they are using our children for experimentation in longevity and powers of the mind. The major force behind this is what is termed as the "Secret Government". There are civilians of the Secret Government which are in control in several areas of Area 51.

There is a network of tunnels underground that go all the way to Europe, South America - the several continents. And there is an intermingling of this great network of tunnels throughout the globe, of which many governments use. God bless you and be with you,

Colonel Bill Faye Woodard

The Realm of Aghartha as described by the Members of the Galactic Federation Council of Sirius – 7 February 2006 *[Through Sheldan Nidle]*

As we move inexorably toward the revelation that is “First Contact”, we intend to turn our attention briefly toward your inner neighbors. Inner Earth is a concept that has inspired numerous myths, legends, and fantastic stories. The first point to be made is that Inner Earth does indeed exist! Your geological science has long claimed that Mother Earth is a solid spheroid, composed solely of a dense middle section called the "mantle" and a highly electromagnetic central core. You live on the Earth's exterior "crust" that surrounds the mantle. Today, we come to tell you that Mother Earth's configuration is quite different. Like all celestial objects such as planets or stars, the Earth is hollow. This fact is suppressed by those who secretly rule you, because the truth of this has a knock-on affect that can upset other core misperceptions used to manipulate you. Truth is a powerful "open sesame." When wisely used, it can reveal vast new vistas of knowledge and encourage you to apply your inner wisdom to your current circumstances.

Inner Earth consists of two main features: The first is Mother Earth's inner crust, which is a continuation of the external surface crust. The two Polar Regions each have a large entrance or hole, somewhat like a cored apple, and the crust wraps itself down and around the mantle into the hollow interior. The outer and inner crusts have very similar topography: Both comprise oceans, continents, mountain ranges, lakes, and rivers. It is merely that the inner crust faces the Earth's core. This core glows and is surrounded by a cloudy veil. The light given off is more diffuse that the light of the Sun, so the daylight in inner Earth is softer and gentler than on the Earth's external surface. The second main feature of inner Earth is the so-called cavern worlds. These are immense hollows within the mantle, some of which are natural features created by Mother

Earth, while others were made using the advanced technology of inner Earth's major society, the land of Aghartha. This land is the last living remnant of Earth's second Galactic Federation colony, Lemuria.

Lemuria, in her original form, was a surface society with a subterranean component. The primary capital city was situated on the large island that sank beneath the waves of the Pacific some 25,000 years ago. A secondary capital city was located in inner Earth. It was to this city that the government of Lemuria moved after the cataclysm. The new ruler of the surface, the Empire of Atlantis, ordered the major tunnel entrances to be sealed. It was only during the final days of Atlantis that the Lemurians broke these seals and thus saved many surface dwellers from certain death. These people formed a society that subsequently returned for a time to the surface and became the Rama Empire situated in Southern Asia. Then the Great Flood of 8,000 BC ended this attempt to save humanity from the dark ways of the Anunnaki. Despite this setback, Lemuria persisted in her role of protecting the surface world from these havoc-wreaking rapscallions. It was her galactic emissaries that maintained membership for this solar system in the Galactic Federation.

After the Great Flood and the demise of the Rama Empire, the Lemurians regrouped and named their newly combined society Aghartha. The capital Shamballah was relocated to a cavern located far beneath the city of Lhasa in modern Tibet. Many tunnels connect Shamballah to the surface in the Himalayas. These were used by holy men who came to spread their great energy and divine wisdom to the outside world. In this area, an extraordinary place was kept for special occasions, where holy men and their chosen disciples met in order to maintain Mother Earth's sacred energy grids. This work, together with numerous rituals performed daily throughout inner Earth, is largely responsible for keeping alive the divine energy that is Lemuria's main legacy to the surface peoples of Mother Earth. Lemuria, and later on Aghartha, have continuously held the Light for your transformation back into fully conscious Beings of Light.

Aghartha is a world much like yours. Inner Earth contains a thriving ecosystem in which can be found creatures no longer existing on the surface. This exotic menagerie is carefully supervised. Close to the various cities of inner Earth are special areas where Agharthans care for and, when necessary, heal the many creatures of this varied ecology. Agharthans reside in a network of crystal cities spread throughout inner Earth. These vary in size from roughly 10,000 to 1,000,000 inhabitants, although most range from around 100,000 to 200,000 people. These cities more closely resemble mini-settlements that together form the whole society. The underlying unit is the "podlet." Podlets sharing a similar life purpose group together to form "clans." Clans are the primary building blocks of galactic society.

Over time, fully conscious humans developed a format for harmonious living called galactic society, of which Aghartha is a prime example. In her case, a system of 12 clans forms the core of this society's operation, and these are organized according to task, e.g. administration, engineering, healing sciences, etc. Each clan breaks down into podlets that contain a maximum of 64 individuals. It is common for podlets from one clan to associate freely with those from the other 11 clans. These larger groupings form mini-communities that each possesses the resources for creatively solving any problem that arises. These mini-communities, in turn, blend to form the neighborhoods of a city. Thus, each city is a beehive of individuals who come together to share and contribute to their neighborhood, their city, and their world.

The ruling council of Aghartha is composed of the 12 clan heads elected to this post for their past meritorious service to clan and society. From this council is chosen an individual considered to be the wisest and most deserving of the titular honor of King or Queen of Aghartha. This person is in charge of the vast army of emissaries and liaisons sent to the surface world and to the appropriate councils of the Galactic Federation. Their responsibility is to see that your transformation back into physical Angels goes according to the divine plan. Their work on your behalf helped us to refocus this first contact mission and indirectly resulted in "Decra Zau," or Operation Spirit. Moreover, the King and his council have set the agenda for the amazing period that is to follow the actual mass landings on your world.

Advanced technology, which allows each person to create his or her daily food and clothing, makes each crystal city self-sufficient. The farming, building, and manufacturing industries of the surface world are rendered obsolete by this Light technology. For example, each individual can change the appearance and interior design of her residence on a whim. This technology also transports a person from one point to another almost instantaneously. This means that the world becomes a community as accessible to you as your immediate neighborhood. Thus, Agharthans' thinking is not constrained by the limiting conditions that their surface neighbors live under. The freedom conferred by this Light technology has released wonderfully creative talents that are put to full use by their society. Happily, the Agharthans are now using these skills to reunite Aghartha with their surface brethren.

THE SMOKY GOD or *A Voyage to the Inner World*

by **WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON** - *1908*

It was just two o'clock in the morning when I was aroused from a restful sleep by the vigorous ringing of my doorbell. The untimely disturber proved to be a messenger bearing a note, scrawled almost to the point of illegibility, from an old Norseman by the name of Olaf Jansen. After much deciphering, I made out the writing, which simply said: "Am ill unto death. Come." The call was imperative, and I lost no time in making ready to comply.

Perhaps I may as well explain here that Olaf Jansen, a man who quite recently celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday, has for the last half-dozen years been living alone in an unpretentious bungalow out Glendale way, a short distance from the business district of Los Angeles, California.

It was less than two years ago, while out walking one afternoon that I was attracted by Olaf Jansen's house and its homelike surroundings, toward its owner and occupant, whom I afterward came to know as a believer in the ancient worship of Odin and Thor.

There was a gentleness in his face, and a kindly expression in the keenly alert gray eyes of this man who had lived more than four-score years and ten; and, withal, a sense of loneliness that appealed to my sympathy. Slightly stooped, and with his hands clasped behind him, he walked back and forth with slow and measured tread, that day when first we met. I can hardly say what particular motive impelled me to pause in my walk and engage him in conversation. He seemed pleased when I complimented him on the attractiveness of his bungalow, and on the well-tended vines and flowers clustering in profusion over its windows, roof and wide piazza.

I soon discovered that my new acquaintance was no ordinary person, but one profound and learned to a remarkable degree; a man who, in the later years of his long life, had dug deeply into books and become strong in the power of meditative silence.

I encouraged him to talk, and soon gathered that he had resided only six or seven years in

Southern California, but had passed the dozen years prior in one of the middle Eastern states. Before that he had been a fisherman off the coast of Norway, in the region of the Lofoden Islands, from whence he had made trips still farther north to Spitzbergen and even to Franz Josef Land.

When I started to take my leave, he seemed reluctant to have me go, and asked me to come again. Although at the time I thought nothing of it, I remember now that he made a peculiar remark as I extended my hand in leave-taking. "You will come again?" he asked. "Yes, you will come again some day. I am sure you will; and I shall show you my library and tell you many things of which you have never dreamed, things so wonderful that it may be you will not believe me."

I laughingly assured him that I would not only come again, but would be ready to believe whatever he might choose to tell me of his travels and adventures.

In the days that followed I became well acquainted with Olaf Jansen, and, little by little, he told me his story, so marvelous, that its very daring challenges reason and belief. The old Norseman always expressed himself with so much earnestness and sincerity that I became enthralled by his strange narrations.

Then came the messenger's call that night, and within the hour I was at Olaf Jansen's bungalow.

He was very impatient at the long wait, although after being summoned I had come immediately to his bedside.

"I must hasten," he exclaimed, while yet he held my hand in greeting. "I have much to tell you that you know not, and I will trust no one but you. I fully realize," he went on hurriedly, "that I shall not survive the night. The time has come to join my fathers in the great sleep."

I adjusted the pillows to make him more comfortable, and assured him I was glad to be able to serve him in any way possible, for I was beginning to realize the seriousness of his condition.

The lateness of the hour, the stillness of the surroundings, the uncanny feeling of being alone with the dying man, together with his weird story, all combined to make my heart beat fast and loud with a feeling for which I have no name. Indeed, there were many times that night by the old Norseman's couch, and there have been many times since, when a sensation rather than a conviction took possession of my very soul, and I seemed not only to believe in, but actually see, the strange lands, the strange people and the strange world of which he told, and to hear the mighty orchestral chorus of a thousand lusty voices.

For over two hours he seemed endowed with almost superhuman strength, talking rapidly, and to all appearances, rationally. Finally he gave into my hands certain data, drawings and crude maps. "These," said he in conclusion, "I leave in your hands. If I can have your promise to give them to the world, I shall die happy, because I desire that people may know the truth, for then all mystery concerning the frozen Northland will be explained. There is no chance of your

suffering the fate I suffered. They will not put you in irons, nor confine you in a mad-house, because you are not telling your own story, but mine, and I, thanks to the gods, Odin and Thor, will be in my grave, and so beyond the reach of disbelievers who would persecute."

Without a thought of the far-reaching results the promise entailed, or foreseeing the many sleepless nights which the obligation has since brought me, I gave my hand and with it a pledge to discharge faithfully his dying wish.

As the sun rose over the peaks of the San Jacinto, far to the eastward, the spirit of Olaf Jansen, the navigator, the explorer and worshiper of Odin and Thor, the man whose experiences and travels, as related, are without a parallel in all the world's history, passed away, and I was left alone with the dead.

And now, after having paid the last sad rites to this strange man from the Lofoden Islands, and the still farther "Northward Ho!", the courageous explorer of frozen regions, who in his declining years (after he had passed the four-score mark) had sought an asylum of restful peace in sun-favored California, I will undertake to make public his story.

OLAF JANSEN'S STORY

MY name is Olaf Jansen. I am a Norwegian, although I was born in the little seafaring Russian town of Uleaborg, on the Eastern coast of the Gulf of Bothnia, the Northern arm of the Baltic Sea.

My parents were on a fishing cruise in the Gulf of Bothnia, and put into this Russian town of Uleaborg at the time of my birth, being the twenty-seventh day of October, 1811.

My Father, Jens Jansen, was born at Rodwig on the Scandinavian coast, near the Lofoden Islands, but after marrying made his home at Stockholm, because my mother's people resided in that city. When seven years old, I began going with my Father on his fishing trips along the Scandinavian coast.

Early in life I displayed an aptitude for books, and at the age of nine years was placed in a private school in Stockholm, remaining there until I was fourteen. After this I made regular trips with my Father on all his fishing voyages.

My Father was a man fully six feet three in height, and weighed over fifteen stone [210lb / 95kg], a typical Norseman of the most rugged sort, and capable of more endurance than any other man I have ever known. He possessed the gentleness of a woman in tender little ways, yet his determination and will-power were beyond description. His will admitted of no defeat.

I was in my nineteenth year when we started on what proved to be our last trip as fishermen, and which resulted in the strange story that shall be given to the world - but not until I have finished my Earthly pilgrimage.

I dare not allow the facts as I know them to be published while I am living, for fear of further humiliation, confinement and suffering. First of all, I was put in irons by the Captain of the whaling vessel that rescued me, for no other reason than that I told the truth about the marvelous discoveries made by my father and myself. But this was far from being the end of my tortures.

After four years and eight months' absence I reached Stockholm, only to find my Mother had died the previous year, and the property left by my parents in the possession of my Mother's people, but it was at once made over to me.

All might have been well, had I erased from my memory the story of our adventure and of my Father's terrible death.

Finally, one day I told the story in detail to my Uncle, Gustaf Osterlind, a man of considerable property, and urged him to fit out an expedition for me to make another voyage to the strange land.

At first I thought he favored my project. He seemed interested, and invited me to go before certain officials and explain to them, as I had to him, the story of our travels and discoveries. Imagine my disappointment and horror when, upon the conclusion of my narrative, certain papers were signed by my Uncle, and, without warning, I found myself arrested and hurried away to dismal and fearful confinement in a madhouse, where I remained for twenty-eight years - long, tedious, frightful years of suffering!

I never ceased to assert my sanity, and to protest against the injustice of my confinement. Finally, on the seventeenth of October, 1862, I was released. My Uncle was dead, and the friends of my youth were now strangers. Indeed, a man over fifty years old, whose only known record is that of a madman, has no friends.

I was at a loss to know what to do for a living, but instinctively turned toward the harbor where fishing boats in great numbers were anchored, and within a week I had shipped with a fisherman by the name of Yan Hansen, who was starting on a long fishing cruise to the Lofoden Islands.

Here my earlier years of training proved of the very greatest advantage, especially in enabling me to make myself useful. This was but the beginning of other trips, and by frugal economy I was, in a few years, able to own a fishing-brig of my own. For twenty-seven years thereafter I followed the sea as a fisherman, five years working for others, and the last twenty-two for myself.

During all these years I was a most diligent student of books, as well as a hard worker at my business, but I took great care not to mention to anyone the story concerning the discoveries made by my Father and myself. Even at this late day I would be fearful of having any one see or know the things I am writing, and the records and maps I have in my keeping. When my days on Earth are finished, I shall leave maps and records that will enlighten and, I hope, benefit Mankind.

The memory of my long confinement with maniacs, and all the horrible anguish and sufferings are too vivid to warrant my taking further chances.

In 1889 I sold out my fishing boats, and found I had accumulated a fortune quite sufficient to keep me the remainder of my life. I then came to America.

For a dozen years my home was in Illinois, near Batavia, where I gathered most of the books in my present library, though I brought many choice volumes from Stockholm. Later, I came to Los Angeles, arriving here March 4, 1901. The date I well remember, as it was President McKinley's second inauguration day. I bought this humble home and determined, here in the privacy of my own abode, sheltered by my own vine and fig-tree, and with my books about me, to make maps and drawings of the new lands we had discovered, and also to write the story in detail from the time my Father and I left Stockholm until the tragic event that parted us in the Antarctic Ocean.

I well remember that we left Stockholm in our fishing-sloop on the third day of April, 1829, and sailed to the southward, leaving Gothland Island to the left and Oeland Island to the right. A few days later we succeeded in doubling Sandhommar Point, and made our way through the sound which separates Denmark from the Scandinavian coast. In due time we put in at the town of Christiansand, where we rested two days, and then started around the Scandinavian coast to the westward, bound for the Lofoden Islands.

My father was in high spirit, because of the excellent and gratifying returns he had received from our last catch by marketing at Stockholm, instead of selling at one of the seafaring towns along the Scandinavian coast. He was especially pleased with the sale of some ivory tusks that he had found on the west coast of Franz Joseph Land during one of his Northern cruises the previous year, and he expressed the hope that this time we might again be fortunate enough to load our little fishing-sloop with ivory, instead of cod, herring, mackerel and salmon.

We put in at Hammerfest, latitude seventy-one degrees and forty minutes, for a few days' rest. Here we remained one week, laying in an extra supply of provisions and several casks of drinking-water, and then sailed toward Spitzbergen.

For the first few days we had an open sea and a favoring wind, and then we encountered much ice and many icebergs. A vessel larger than our little fishing-sloop could not possibly have threaded its way among the labyrinth of icebergs or squeezed through the barely open channels. These monster bergs presented an endless succession of crystal palaces, of massive cathedrals and fantastic mountain ranges, grim and sentinel-like, immovable as some towering cliff of solid rock, standing; silent as a sphinx, resisting the restless waves of a fretful sea.

After many narrow escapes, we arrived at Spitzbergen on the 23rd of June, and anchored at Wijade Bay for a short time, where we were quite successful in our catches. We then lifted anchor and sailed through the Hinlopen Strait, and coasted along the North-East-Land.

A strong wind came up from the southwest, and my Father said that we had better take advantage of it and try to reach Franz Josef Land, where, the year before he had, by accident,

found the ivory tusks that had brought him such a good price at Stockholm.

Never, before or since, have I seen so many sea-fowl; they were so numerous that they hid the rocks on the coast line and darkened the sky.

For several days we sailed along the rocky coast of Franz Josef Land. Finally, a favoring wind came up that enabled us to make the West Coast, and, after sailing twenty-four hours, we came to a beautiful inlet.

One could hardly believe it was the far Northland. The place was green with growing vegetation, and while the area did not comprise more than one or two acres, yet the air was warm and tranquil. It seemed to be at that point where the Gulf Stream's influence is most keenly felt.

On the east coast there were numerous icebergs, yet here we were in open water. Far to the west of us, however, were icepacks, and still farther to the westward the ice appeared like ranges of low hills. In front of us, and directly to the north, lay an open sea.

My Father was an ardent believer in Odin and Thor, and had frequently told me they were Gods who came from far beyond the "North Wind."

There was a tradition, my Father explained, that still farther northward was a land more beautiful than any that mortal man had ever known, and that it was inhabited by the "Chosen."

My youthful imagination was fired by the ardor, zeal and religious fervor of my good Father, and I exclaimed: "Why not sail to this goodly land? The sky is fair, the wind favorable and the sea open."

Even now I can see the expression of pleasurable surprise on his countenance as he turned toward me and asked: "My Son, are you willing to go with me and explore -- to go far beyond where Man has ever ventured?" I answered affirmatively. "Very well," he replied. "May the God Odin protect us!" and, quickly adjusting the sails, he glanced at our compass, turned the prow in due northerly direction through an open channel, and our voyage had begun.

The sun was low in the horizon, as it was still the early Summer. Indeed, we had almost four months of day ahead of us before the frozen night could come on again.

Our little fishing-sloop sprang forward as if eager as ourselves for adventure. Within thirty-six hours we were out of sight of the highest point on the coast line of Franz Josef Land. "We seemed to be in a strong current running north by northeast. Far to the right and to the left of us were icebergs, but our little sloop bore down on the narrows and passed through channels and out into open seas - channels so narrow in places that, had our craft been other than small, we never could have gotten through.

On the third day we came to an island. Its shores were washed by an open sea. My Father determined to land and explore for a day. This new land was destitute of timber, but we found a

large accumulation of drift-wood on the northern shore. Some of the trunks of the trees were forty feet long and two feet in diameter.

After one day's exploration of the coast line of this island, we lifted anchor and turned our prow to the North in an open sea.

I remember that neither my father nor myself had tasted food for almost thirty hours. Perhaps this was because of the tension of excitement about our strange voyage in waters farther north, my Father said, than anyone had ever before been. Active mentality had dulled the demands of the physical needs.

Instead of the cold being intense as we had anticipated, it was really warmer and more pleasant than it had been while in Hammerfest on the north coast of Norway, some six weeks before. We both frankly admitted that we were very hungry, and forthwith I prepared a substantial meal from our well-stored larder. When we had partaken heartily of the repast, I told my Father I believed I would sleep, as I was beginning to feel quite drowsy. "Very well," he replied, "I will keep the watch."

I have no way to determine how long I slept; I only know that I was rudely awakened by a terrible commotion of the sloop. To my surprise, I found my Father sleeping soundly. I cried out lustily to him, and starting up, he sprang quickly to his feet. Indeed, had he not instantly clutched the rail, he would certainly have been thrown into the seething waves.

A fierce snow-storm was raging. The wind was directly astern, driving our sloop at a terrific speed, and was threatening every moment to capsize us. There was no time to lose, the sails had to be lowered immediately. Our boat was writhing in convulsions. A few icebergs we knew were on either side of us, but fortunately the channel was open directly to the North. But would it remain so? In front of us, girding the horizon from left to right, was a vaporish fog or mist, black as Egyptian night at the water's edge, and white like a steam-cloud toward the top, which was finally lost to view as it blended with the great white flakes of falling snow. Whether it covered a treacherous iceberg, or some other hidden obstacle against which our little sloop would dash and send us to a watery grave, or was merely the phenomenon of an Arctic fog, there was no way to determine.

By what miracle we escaped being dashed to utter destruction, I do not know. I remember our little craft creaked and groaned, as if its joints were breaking. It rocked and staggered to and fro as if clutched by some fierce undertow of whirlpool or maelstrom.

Fortunately our compass had been fastened with long screws to a crossbeam. Most of our provisions, however, were tumbled out and swept away from the deck of the cuddy, and had we not taken the precaution at the very beginning to tie ourselves firmly to the masts of the sloop, we should have been swept into the lashing sea.

Above the deafening tumult of the raging waves, I heard my Father's voice. "Be courageous, my Son," he shouted, "Odin is the God of the waters, the companion of the brave, and he is with us.

Fear not."

To me it seemed there was no possibility of our escaping a horrible death. The little sloop was shipping water, the snow was falling so fast as to be blinding, and the waves were tumbling over our counters in reckless white-sprayed fury. There was no telling what instant we should be dashed against some drifting ice-pack. The tremendous swells would heave us up to the very peaks of mountainous waves, then plunge us down into the depths of the sea's trough as if our fishing-sloop were a fragile shell. Gigantic white-capped waves, like veritable walls, fenced us in, fore and aft.

This terrible nerve-racking ordeal, with its nameless horrors of suspense and agony of fear indescribable, continued for more than three hours, and all the time we were being driven forward at fierce speed. Then suddenly, as if growing weary of its frantic exertions, the wind began to lessen its fury and by degrees to die down.

At last we were in a perfect calm. The fog mist had also disappeared, and before us lay an iceless channel perhaps ten or fifteen miles wide, with a few icebergs far away to our right, and an intermittent archipelago of smaller ones to the left.

I watched my Father closely, determined to remain silent until he spoke. Presently he untied the rope from his waist and, without saying a word, began working the pumps, which fortunately were not damaged, relieving the sloop of the water it had shipped in the madness of the storm.

He put up the sloop's sails as calmly as if casting a fishing-net, and then remarked that we were ready for a favoring wind when it came. His courage and persistence were truly remarkable.

On investigation we found less than one-third of our provisions remaining, while to our utter dismay, we discovered that our water-casks had been swept overboard during the violent plungings of our boat.

Two of our water-casks were in the main hold, but both were empty. We had a fair supply of food, but no fresh water. I realized at once the awfulness of our position. Presently I was seized with a consuming thirst. "It is indeed bad," remarked my Father. "However, let us dry our bedraggled clothing, for we are soaked to the skin. Trust to the God Odin, my Son. Do not give up hope."

The sun was beating down slantingly, as if we were in a Southern latitude, instead of in the far Northland. It was swinging around, its orbit ever visible and rising higher and higher each day, frequently mist-covered, yet always peering through the lacework of clouds like some fretful eye of fate, guarding the mysterious Northland and jealously watching the pranks of Man. Far to our right the rays decking the prisms of icebergs were gorgeous. Their reflections emitted flashes of garnet, of diamond, of sapphire. A pyrotechnic panorama of countless colors and shapes, while below could be seen the green-tinted sea, and above, the purple sky.

I tried to forget my thirst by busying myself with bringing up some food and an empty vessel

from the hold. Reaching over the side-rail, I filled the vessel with water for the purpose of washing my hands and face. To my astonishment, when the water came in contact with my lips, I could taste no salt. I was startled by the discovery. "Father!" I fairly gasped, "the water, the water; it is fresh!" "What, Olaf?" exclaimed my Father, glancing hastily around. "Surely you are mistaken. There is no land. You are going mad." "But taste it!" I cried.

And thus we made the discovery that the water was indeed fresh, absolutely so, without the least briny taste or even the suspicion of a salty flavor.

[*In vol. I, page 196, Nansen writes:* "It is a peculiar phenomenon - this dead water. We had at present a better opportunity of studying it than we desired. It occurs where a surface layer of fresh water rests upon the salt water of the sea, and this fresh water is carried along with the ship gliding on the heavier sea beneath it as if on a fixed foundation. The difference between the two strata was in this case so great that while we had drinking water on the surface, the water we got from the bottom cock of the engine-room was far too salt to be used for the boiler."]

We forthwith filled our two remaining water-casks, and my Father declared it was a Heavenly dispensation of mercy from the Gods Odin and Thor.

We were almost beside ourselves with joy, but hunger bade us end our enforced fast. Now that we had found fresh water in the open sea, what might we not expect in this strange latitude where ship had never before sailed and the splash of an oar had never been heard?

We had scarcely appeased our hunger when a breeze began filling the idle sails, and, glancing at the compass, we found the Northern point pressing hard against the glass.

In response to my surprise, my Father said, "I have heard of this before; it is what they call the dipping of the needle."

We loosened the compass and turned it at right angles with the surface of the sea before its point would free itself from the glass and point according to unmolested attraction. It shifted uneasily, and seemed as unsteady as a drunken man, but finally pointed a course.

Before this we thought the wind was carrying us North by Northwest, but, with the needle free, we discovered, if it could be relied upon, that we were sailing slightly North by Northeast. Our course, however, was ever tending northward.

The sea was serenely smooth, with hardly a choppy wave, and the wind brisk and exhilarating. The sun's rays, while striking us aslant, furnished tranquil warmth. And thus time wore on day after day, and we found from the record in our logbook, we had been sailing eleven days since the storm in the open sea.

By strictest economy, our food was holding out fairly well, but beginning to run low. In the meantime, one of our casks of water had been exhausted, and my Father said: "We will fill it again." But, to our dismay, we found the water was now as salt as in the region of the Lofoden

Islands off the coast of Norway. This necessitated our being extremely careful of the remaining cask.

I found myself wanting to sleep much of the time; whether it was the effect of the exciting experience of sailing in unknown waters, or the relaxation from the awful excitement incident to our adventure in a storm at sea, or due to want of food, I could not say.

I frequently lay down on the bunker of our little sloop, and looked far up into the blue dome of the sky; and, notwithstanding the sun was shining far away in the East, I always saw a single star overhead. For several days, when I looked for this star, it was always there directly above us.

It was now, according to our reckoning, about the first of August. The sun was high in the heavens, and was so bright that I could no longer see the one lone star that attracted my attention a few days earlier.

One day about this time, my Father startled me by calling my attention to a novel sight far in front of us, almost at the horizon. "It is a mock sun," exclaimed my father. "I have read of them; it is called a reflection or mirage. It will soon pass away."

But this dull-red, false sun, as we supposed it to be, did not pass away for several hours; and while we were unconscious of its emitting any rays of light, still there was no time thereafter when we could not sweep the horizon in front and locate the illumination of the so-called false sun, during a period of at least twelve hours out of every twenty-four.

Clouds and mists would at times almost, but never entirely, hide its location. Gradually it seemed to climb higher in the horizon of the uncertain purply sky as we advanced.

It could hardly be said to resemble the sun, except in its circular shape, and when not obscured by clouds or the ocean mists, it had a hazy-red, bronzed appearance, which would change to a white light like a luminous cloud, as if reflecting some greater light beyond.

"We finally agreed in our discussion of this smoky furnace-colored sun, that, whatever the cause of the phenomenon, it was not a reflection of our Sun, but a planet of some sort - a reality.

One day soon after this, I felt exceedingly drowsy, and fell into a sound sleep. But it seemed that I was almost immediately aroused by my Father's vigorous shaking of me by the shoulder and saying: "Olaf, awaken; there is land in sight!"

I sprang to my feet, and oh! joy unspeakable! There, far in the distance, yet directly in our path, were lands jutting boldly into the sea. The shore-line stretched far away to the right of us, as far as the eye could see, and all along the sandy beach were waves breaking into choppy foam, receding, then going forward again, ever chanting in monotonous thunder tones the song of the deep. The banks were covered with trees and vegetation.

I cannot express my feeling of exultation at this discovery. My Father stood motionless, with his

hand on the tiller, looking straight ahead, pouring out his heart in thankful prayer and thanksgiving to the Gods Odin and Thor.

In the meantime, a net which we found in the stowage had been cast, and we caught a few fish that materially added to our dwindling stock of provisions.

The compass, which we had fastened back in its place, in fear of another storm, was still pointing due Nnorth, and moving on its pivot, just as it had at Stockholm. The dipping of the needle had ceased. What could this mean? Then, too, our many days of sailing had certainly carried us far past the North Pole. And yet the needle continued to point North. We were sorely perplexed, for surely our direction was now South.

We sailed for three days along the shoreline, then came to the mouth of a fjord or river of immense size. It seemed more like a great bay, and into this we turned our fishing-craft, the direction being slightly Northeast of South. By the assistance of a fretful wind that came to our aid about twelve hours out of every twenty-four, we continued to make our way inland, into what afterward proved to be a mighty river, and which we learned was called by the inhabitants Hiddekel.

We continued our journey for ten days thereafter, and found we had fortunately attained a distance inland where ocean tides no longer affected the water, which had become fresh.

The discovery came none too soon, for our remaining cask of water was well-nigh exhausted. We lost no time in replenishing our casks, and continued to sail farther up the river when the wind was favorable.

Along the banks great forests miles in extent could be seen stretching away on the shore-line. The trees were of enormous size. We landed after anchoring near a sandy beach, and waded ashore, and were rewarded by finding a quantity of nuts that were very palatable and satisfying to hunger, and a welcome change from the monotony of our stock of provisions.

It was about the first of September, over five months, we calculated, since our leave-taking from Stockholm. Suddenly we were frightened almost out of our wits by hearing in the far distance the singing of people. Very soon thereafter we discovered a huge ship gliding down the river directly toward us. Those aboard were singing in one mighty chorus that, echoing from bank to bank, sounded like a thousand voices, filling the whole universe with quivering melody. The accompaniment was played on stringed instruments not unlike our harps.

It was a larger ship than any we had ever seen, and was differently constructed.

At this particular time our sloop was becalmed, and not far from the shore. The bank of the river, covered with mammoth trees, rose up several hundred feet in beautiful fashion. We seemed to be on the edge of some primeval forest that doubtless stretched far inland.

The immense craft paused, and almost immediately a boat was lowered and six men of gigantic

stature rowed to our little fishing-sloop. They spoke to us in a strange language. We knew from their manner, however, that they were not unfriendly. They talked a great deal among themselves, and one of them laughed immoderately, as though in finding us a queer discovery had been made. One of them spied our compass, and it seemed to interest them more than any other part of our sloop.

Finally, the leader motioned as if to ask whether we were willing to leave our craft to go on board their ship. "What say you, my son?" asked my Father. "They cannot do any more than kill us."

"They seem to be kindly disposed," I replied, "although what terrible giants! They must be the select six of the Kingdom's crack regiment. Just look at their great size."

"We may as well go willingly as be taken by force," said my Father, smiling, "for they are certainly able to capture us." Thereupon he made known, by signs, that we were ready to accompany them.

Within a few minutes we were on board the ship, and half an hour later our little fishing-craft had been lifted bodily out of the water by a strange sort of hook and tackle, and set on board as a
curiosity.

There were several hundred people on board this, to us, mammoth ship, which we discovered was called "The Naz," meaning, as we afterward learned, "Pleasure," or to give a more proper interpretation, "Pleasure Excursion" ship.

If my Father and I were curiously observed by the ship's occupants, this strange race of giants offered us an equal amount of wonderment.

There was not a single man aboard who would not have measured fully twelve feet in height. They all wore full beards, not particularly long, but seemingly short-cropped. They had mild and beautiful faces, exceedingly fair, with ruddy complexions. The hair and beard of some were black, others sandy, and still others yellow. The captain, as we designated the dignitary in command of the great vessel, was fully a head taller than any of his companions. The women averaged from ten to eleven feet in height. Their features were especially regular and refined, while their complexion was of a most delicate tint heightened by a healthful glow.

Both men and women seemed to possess that particular ease of manner which we deem a sign of good breeding, and, notwithstanding their huge statures, there was nothing about them suggesting awkwardness. As I was a lad in only my nineteenth year, I was doubtless looked upon as a true Tom Thumb. My Father's six feet three did not lift the top of his head above the waist line of these people.

Each one seemed to vie with the others in extending courtesies and showing kindness to us, but all laughed heartily, I remember, when they had to improvise chairs for my Father and myself to

sit at table. They were richly attired in a costume peculiar to themselves, and very attractive. The men were clothed in handsomely embroidered tunics of silk and satin and belted at the waist. They wore knee-breeches and stockings of a fine texture, while their feet were encased in sandals adorned with gold buckles. We early discovered that gold was one of the most common metals known, and that it was used extensively in decoration.

Strange as it may seem, neither my Father nor myself felt the least bit of solicitude for our safety. "We have come into our own," my Father said to me. "This is the fulfillment of the tradition told me by my Father and my Father's Father, and still back for many generations of our race. This is, assuredly, the Land beyond the North Wind."

We seemed to make such an impression on the party that we were given specially into the charge of one of the men, Jules Galdea, and his Wife, for the purpose of being educated in their language; and we, on our part, were just as eager to learn as they were to instruct.

At the Captain's command, the vessel was swung cleverly about, and began retracing its course up the river. The machinery, while noiseless, was very powerful.

The banks and trees on either side seemed to rush by. The ship's speed, at times, surpassed that of any railroad train on which I have ever ridden, even here in America. It was wonderful.

In the meantime we had lost sight of the Sun's rays, but we found a radiance "within" emanating from the dull-red Sun which had already attracted our attention, now giving out a white light seemingly from a cloud-bank far away in front of us. It dispensed a greater light, I should say, than two full moons on the clearest night.

In twelve hours this cloud of whiteness would pass out of sight as if eclipsed, and the twelve hours following corresponded with our night. We early learned that these strange people were worshipers of this great cloud of night. It was "The Smoky God" of the "Inner World."

The ship was equipped with a mode of illumination which I now presume was electricity, but neither my father nor myself were sufficiently skilled in mechanics to understand whence came the power to operate the ship, or to maintain the soft beautiful lights that answered the same purpose of our present methods of lighting the streets of our cities, our houses and places of business.

It must be remembered, the time of which I write was the autumn of 1829, and we of the "outside" surface of the Earth knew nothing then, so to speak, of electricity.

The electrically surcharged condition of the air was a constant vitalizer. I never felt better in my life than during the two years my Father and I sojourned on the inside of the Earth.

To resume my narrative of events; The ship on which we were sailing came to a stop two days after we had been taken on board. My Father said as nearly as he could judge, we were directly under Stockholm or London. The city we had reached was called "Jehu," signifying a seaport

town. The houses were large and beautifully constructed, and quite uniform in appearance, yet without sameness. The principal occupation of the people appeared to be agriculture; the hillsides were covered with vineyards, while the valleys were devoted to the growing of grain.

I never saw such a display of gold. It was everywhere. The door-casings were inlaid and the tables were veneered with sheetings of gold. Domes of the public buildings were of gold. It was used most generously in the finishings of the great Temples of Music.

Vegetation grew in lavish exuberance, and fruit of all kinds possessed the most delicate flavor. Clusters of grapes four and five feet in length, each grape as large as an orange, and apples larger than a man's head typified the wonderful growth of all things on the "inside" of the Earth.

The great redwood trees of California would be considered mere underbrush compared with the giant forest trees extending for miles and miles in all directions. In many directions along the foothills of the mountains vast herds of cattle were seen during the last day of our travel on the river.

"We heard much of a city called "Eden," but were kept at "Jehu" for an entire year. By the end of that time we had learned to speak fairly well the language of this strange race of people. Our instructors, Jules Galdea and his wife, exhibited a patience that was truly commendable.

One day an envoy from the Ruler at "Eden" came to see us, and for two whole days my Father and myself were put through a series of surprising questions. They wished to know from whence we came, what sort of people dwelt "without," what God we worshiped, our religious beliefs, the mode of living in our strange land, and a thousand other things.

The compass which we had brought with us attracted especial attention. My Father and I commented between ourselves on the fact that the compass still pointed North, although we now knew that we had sailed over the curve or edge of the Earth's aperture, and were far along southward on the "inside" surface of the Earth's crust, which, according to my Father's estimate and my own, is about three hundred miles in thickness from the "inside" to the "outside" surface. Relatively speaking, it is no thicker than an egg-shell, so that there is almost as much surface on the "inside" as on the "outside" of the Earth.

The great luminous cloud or ball of dull-red fire - fiery-red in the mornings and evenings, and during the day giving off a beautiful white light, "The Smoky God," - is seemingly suspended in the center of the great vacuum "within" the Earth, and held to its place by the immutable law of gravitation, or a repellant atmospheric force, as the case may be. I refer to the known power that draws or repels with equal force in all directions.

The base of this electrical cloud or central luminary, the seat of the Gods, is dark and non-transparent, save for innumerable small openings, seemingly in the bottom of the great support or altar of the Deity, upon which "The Smoky God" rests; and, the lights shining through these many openings twinkle at night in all their splendor, and seem to be stars, as natural as the stars we saw shining when in our home at Stockholm, excepting that they appear larger. "The

Smoky God," therefore, with each daily revolution of the Earth, appears to come up in the east and go down in the West, the same as does our Sun on the external surface. In reality, the people "within" believe that "The Smoky God" is the throne of their Jehovah, and is stationary. The effect of night and day is, therefore, produced by the Earth's daily rotation.

I have since discovered that the language of the people of the Inner World is much like the Sanskrit.

After we had given an account of ourselves to the emissaries from the central seat of government of the inner continent, and my Father had, in his crude way, drawn maps, at their request, of the "outside" surface of the Earth, showing the divisions of land and water, and giving the name of each of the continents, large islands and the oceans, we were taken overland to the city of "Eden," in a conveyance different from anything we have in Europe or America. This vehicle was doubtless some electrical contrivance. It was noiseless, and ran on a single iron rail in perfect balance. The trip was made at a very high rate of speed. We were carried up hills and down dales, across valleys and again along the sides of steep mountains, without any apparent attempt having been made to level the earth as we do for railroad tracks. The car seats were huge yet comfortable affairs, and very high above the floor of the car. On the top of each car were high geared fly wheels lying on their sides, which were so automatically adjusted that, as the speed of the car increased, the high speed of these fly wheels geometrically increased. Jules Galdea explained to us that these revolving fan-like wheels on top of the cars destroyed atmospheric pressure, or what is generally understood by the term gravitation, and with this force thus destroyed or rendered nugatory the car is as safe from falling to one side or the other from the single rail track as if it were in a vacuum; the fly wheels in their rapid revolutions destroying effectually the so-called power of gravitation, or the force of atmospheric pressure or whatever potent influence it may be that causes all unsupported things to fall downward to the Earth's surface or to the nearest point of resistance.

The surprise of my Father and myself was indescribable when, amid the regal magnificence of a spacious hall, we were finally brought before the Great High Priest, Ruler over all the land. He was richly robed, and much taller than those about him, and could not have been less than fourteen or fifteen feet in height. The immense room in which we were received seemed finished in solid slabs of gold thickly studded with jewels, of amazing brilliancy.

The city of "Eden" is located in what seems to be a beautiful valley, yet, in fact, it is on the loftiest mountain plateau of the Inner Continent, several thousand feet higher than any portion of the surrounding country. It is the most beautiful place I have ever beheld in all my travels. In this elevated garden all manner of fruits, vines, shrubs, trees, and flowers grow in riotous profusion.

In this garden four rivers have their source in a mighty artesian fountain. They divide and flow in four directions. This place is called by the inhabitants the "Navel of the Earth," or the beginning, "the Cradle of the Human Race." The names of the rivers are the Euphrates, the Pison, the Gihon, and the Hiddekel.

The unexpected awaited us in this palace of beauty, in the finding of our little fishing-craft. It had been brought before the High Priest in perfect shape, just as it had been taken from the waters that day when it was loaded on board the ship by the people who discovered us on the river more than a year before.

"We were given an audience of over two hours with this great dignitary, who seemed kindly disposed and considerate. He showed himself eagerly interested, asking us numerous questions, and invariably regarding things about which his emissaries had failed to inquire.

At the conclusion of the interview he inquired our pleasure, asking us whether we wished to remain in his country or if we preferred to return to the "outer" world, providing it were possible to make a successful return trip, across the frozen belt barriers that encircle both the northern and southern openings of the Earth.

My Father replied: "It would please me and my Son to visit your country and see your people, your colleges and palaces of music and art, your great fields, your wonderful forests of timber; and after we have had this pleasurable privilege, we should like to try to return to our home on the 'outside' surface of the Earth. This Son is my only child, and my good Wife will be weary awaiting our return."

"I fear you will find it very difficult to return," replied the Chief High Priest, "because the way is a most hazardous one. However, you shall visit the different countries with Jules Galdea as your escort, and be accorded every courtesy and kindness. Whenever you are ready to attempt a return voyage, I assure you that your boat which is here on exhibition shall be put in the waters of the
river Hiddekel at its mouth, and we will bid you Jehovah-speed."

Thus terminated our only interview with the High Priest or Ruler of the continent.

WE learned that the males do not marry before they are from seventy-five to one hundred years old, and that the age at which women enter wedlock is only a little less, and that both men and women frequently live to be from six to eight hundred years old, and in some instances much older.

During the following year we visited many villages and towns, prominent among them being the cities of Nigi, Delfi, Hectea, and my Father was called upon no less than a half-dozen times to go over the maps which had been made from the rough sketches he had originally given of the divisions of land and water on the "outside" surface of the Earth.

I remember hearing my Father remark that the giant race of people in the land of "The Smoky God" had almost as accurate an idea of the geography of the "outside" surface of the Earth as had the average college professor in Stockholm.

In our travels we came to a forest of gigantic trees, near the city of Delfi. Had the Bible said there were trees towering over three hundred feet in height, and more than thirty feet in diameter,

growing in the Garden of Eden, the Ingersolls, the Tom Paines and Voltaires would doubtless have pronounced the statement a myth. Yet this is the description of the California *sequoia gigantea*; but these California giants pale into insignificance when compared with the forest Goliaths found in the "within" continent, where abound mighty trees from eight hundred to one thousand feet in height, and from one hundred to one hundred and twenty feet in diameter; countless in numbers and forming forests extending hundreds of miles back from the sea.

The people are exceedingly musical, and learned to a remarkable degree in their arts and sciences, especially geometry and astronomy. Their cities are equipped with vast Palaces of Music, where not infrequently as many as twenty-five thousand lusty voices of this giant race swell forth in mighty choruses of the most sublime symphonies.

The children are not supposed to attend institutions of learning before they are twenty years old. Then their school life begins and continues for thirty years, ten of which are uniformly devoted by both sexes to the study of music.

Their principal vocations are architecture, agriculture, horticulture, the raising of vast herds of cattle, and the building of conveyances peculiar to that country, for travel on land and water. By some device which I cannot explain, they hold communion with one another between the most distant parts of their country, on air currents.

All buildings are erected with special regard to strength, durability, beauty and symmetry, and with a style of architecture vastly more attractive to the eye than any I have ever observed elsewhere.

About three-fourths of the "inner" surface of the Earth is land and about one-fourth water. There are numerous rivers of tremendous size, some flowing in a northerly direction and others southerly. Some of these rivers are thirty miles in width, and it is out of these vast waterways, at the extreme northern and southern parts of the "inside" surface of the Earth, in regions where low temperatures are experienced, that fresh-water icebergs are formed. They are then pushed out to sea like huge tongues of ice, by the abnormal freshets of turbulent waters that, twice every year, sweep everything before them.

We saw innumerable specimens of bird-life no larger than those encountered in the forests of Europe or America. It is well known that during the last few years whole species of birds have quit the Earth. A writer in a recent article on this subject says: "Almost every year sees the final extinction of one or more bird species. Out of fourteen varieties of birds found a century since on a single island -- the West Indian island of St. Thomas - eight have now to be numbered among the missing."

Is it not possible that these disappearing bird species quit their habitation without, and find an asylum in the "within world"?

Whether inland among the mountains, or along the seashore, we found bird life prolific. When they spread their great wings some of the birds appeared to measure thirty feet from tip to tip.

They are of great variety and many colors. We were permitted to climb up on the edge of a rock and examine a nest of eggs. There were five in the nest, each of which was at least two feet in length and fifteen inches in diameter.

After we had been in the city of Hectea about a week, Professor Galdea took us to an inlet, where we saw thousands of tortoises along the sandy shore. I hesitate to state the size of these great creatures. They were from twenty-five to thirty feet in length, from fifteen to twenty feet in width and fully seven feet in height. When one of them projected its head it had the appearance of some hideous sea monster.

The strange conditions "within" are favorable not only for vast meadows of luxuriant grasses, forests of giant trees, and all manner of vegetable life, but wonderful animal life as well.

One day we saw a great herd of elephants. There must have been five hundred of these thunder-throated monsters, with their restlessly waving trunks. They were tearing huge boughs from the trees and trampling smaller growth into dust like so much hazel-brush. They would average over 100 feet in length and from 75 to 85 in height.

It seemed, as I gazed upon this wonderful herd of giant elephants, that I was again living in the public library at Stockholm, where I had spent much time studying the wonders of the Miocene age. I was filled with mute astonishment, and my Father was speechless with awe. He held my arm with a protecting grip, as if fearful harm would overtake us. We were two atoms in this great forest, and, fortunately, unobserved by this vast herd of elephants as they drifted on and away, following a leader as does a herd of sheep. They browsed from growing herbage which they encountered as they traveled, and now and again shook the firmament with their deep bellowing.

There is a hazy mist that goes up from the land each evening, and it invariably rains once every twenty-four hours. This great moisture and the invigorating electrical light and warmth account perhaps for the luxuriant vegetation, while the highly charged electrical air and the evenness of climatic conditions may have much to do with the giant growth and longevity of all animal life.

In places the level valleys stretched away for many miles in every direction. "The Smoky God," in its clear white light, looked calmly down. There was an intoxication in the electrically surcharged air that fanned the cheek as softly as a vanishing whisper. Nature chanted a lullaby in the faint murmur of winds whose breath was sweet with the fragrance of bud and blossom.

After having spent considerably more than a year in visiting several of the many cities of the "within" world and a great deal of intervening country, and more than two years had passed from the time we had been picked up by the great excursion ship on the river, we decided to cast our fortunes once more upon the sea, and endeavor to regain the "outside" surface of the Earth.

We made known our wishes, and they were reluctantly but promptly followed. Our hosts gave my Father, at his request, various maps showing the entire "inside" surface of the Earth, its cities, oceans, seas, rivers, gulfs and bays. They also generously offered to give us all the bags of gold nuggets - some of them as large as a goose's egg - that we were willing to attempt to take with us

in our little fishing-boat.

In due time we returned to Jehu, at which place we spent one month in fixing up and overhauling our little fishing sloop. After all was in readiness, the same ship "Naz" that originally discovered us, took us on board and sailed to the mouth of the River Hiddekel.

After our giant brothers had launched our little craft for us, they were most cordially regretful at parting, and evinced much solicitude for our safety. My Father swore by the Gods Odin and Thor that he would surely return again within a year or two and pay them another visit. And thus we bade them adieu. We made ready and hoisted our sail, but there was little breeze. We were becalmed within an hour after our giant friends had left us and started on their return trip.

The winds were constantly blowing south, that is, they were blowing from the northern opening of the Earth toward that which we knew to be south, but which, according to our compass's pointing finger, was directly north.

For three days we tried to sail, and to beat against the wind, but to no avail. Whereupon my Father said: "My Son, to return by the same route as we came in is impossible at this time of year. I wonder why we did not think of this before. We have been here almost two and a half years; therefore, this is the season when the sun is beginning to shine in at the southern opening of the Earth. The long cold night is on in the Spitzbergen country."

"What shall we do?" I inquired.

"There is only one thing we can do," my Father replied, "and that is to go south." Accordingly, he turned the craft about, gave it full reef, and started by the compass north but, in fact, directly south. The wind was strong, and we seemed to have struck a current that was running with remarkable swiftness in the same direction.

In just forty days we arrived at Delfi, a city we had visited in company with our guides Jules Galdea and his wife, near the mouth of the Gihon river. Here we stopped for two days, and were most hospitably entertained by the same people who had welcomed us on our former visit. We laid in some additional provisions and again set sail, following the needle due North.

On our outward trip we came through a narrow channel which appeared to be a separating body of water between two considerable bodies of land. There was a beautiful beach to our right, and we decided to reconnoiter. Casting anchor, we waded ashore to rest up for a day before continuing the outward hazardous undertaking. We built a fire and threw on some sticks of dry driftwood. While my Father was walking along the shore, I prepared a tempting repast from supplies we had provided.

There was a mild, luminous light which my Father said resulted from the outer Sun shining in from the South aperture of the Earth. That night we slept soundly, and awakened the next morning as refreshed as if we had been in our own beds at Stockholm.

After breakfast we started out on an inland tour of discovery, but had not gone far when we sighted some birds which we recognized at once as belonging to the penguin family.

They are flightless birds, but excellent swimmers and tremendous in size, with white breast, short wings, black head, and long peaked bills. They stand fully nine feet high. They looked at us with little surprise, and presently waddled, rather than walked, toward the water, and swam away in a northerly direction.

The events that occurred during the following hundred or more days beggar description. We were on an open and iceless sea. The month we reckoned to be November or December, and we knew the so-called South Pole was turned toward the Sun. Therefore, when passing out and away from the internal electrical light of "The Smoky God" and its genial warmth, we would be met by the light and warmth of the Sun, shining in through the South opening of the Earth. We were not mistaken.

There were times when our little craft, driven by wind that was continuous and persistent, shot through the waters like an arrow. Indeed, had we encountered a hidden rock or obstacle, our little vessel would have been crushed into kindling-wood.

At last we were conscious that the atmosphere was growing decidedly colder, and, a few days later, icebergs were sighted far to the left. My Father argued, and correctly, that the winds which filled our sails came from the warm climate "within the Earth." The time of the year was certainly most auspicious for us to make our dash for the "outside" world and attempt to scud our fishing sloop through open channels of the frozen zone which surrounds the polar regions.

We were soon amid the ice-packs, and how our little craft got through. the narrow channels and escaped being crushed I know not. The compass behaved in the same drunken and unreliable fashion in passing over the southern curve or edge of the Earth's shell as it had done on our inbound trip at the northern entrance. It gyrated, dipped and seemed like a thing possessed.

One day as I was lazily looking over the sloop's side into the clear waters, my Father shouted: "Breakers ahead!" Looking up, I saw through a lifting mist a white object that towered several hundred feet high, completely shutting off our advance. We lowered sail immediately, and none too soon. In a moment we found ourselves wedged between two monstrous icebergs. Each was crowding and grinding against its fellow mountain of ice. They were like two Gods of War contending for supremacy. We were greatly alarmed. Indeed, we were between the lines of a battle royal; the sonorous thunder of the grinding ice was like the continued volleys of artillery. Blocks of ice larger than a house were frequently lifted up a hundred feet by the mighty force of lateral pressure; they would shudder and rock to and fro for a few seconds, then come crashing down with a deafening roar, and disappear in the foaming waters. Thus, for more than two hours, the contest of the icy giants continued.

It seemed as if the end had come. The ice pressure was terrific, and while we were not caught in the dangerous part of the jam, and were safe for the time being, yet the heaving and rending of tons of ice as it fell splashing here and there into the watery depths filled us with shaking fear.

Finally, to our great joy, the grinding of the ice ceased, and within a few hours the great mass slowly divided, and, as if an act of Providence had been performed, right before us lay an open channel. Should we venture with our little craft into this opening? If the pressure came on again, our little sloop as well as ourselves would be crushed into nothingness. We decided to take the chance, and, accordingly, hoisted our sail to a favoring breeze, and soon started out like a race-horse, running the gauntlet of this unknown narrow channel of open water.

For the next forty-five days our time was employed in dodging icebergs and hunting channels; indeed, had we not been favored with a strong south wind and a small boat, I doubt if this story could have ever been given to the world.

At last, there came a morning when my Father said: "My Son, I think we are to see home. We are almost through the ice. See! The open water lies before us."

However, there were a few icebergs that had floated far northward into the open water still ahead of us on either side, stretching away for many miles. Directly in front of us, and by the compass, which had now righted itself, due North, there was an open sea.

"What a wonderful story we have to tell to the people of Stockholm," continued my Father, while a look of pardonable elation lighted up his honest face. "And think of the gold nuggets stowed away in the hold!"

I spoke kind words of praise to my Father, not alone for his fortitude and endurance, but also for his courageous daring as a discoverer, and for having made the voyage that now promised a successful end. I was grateful, too, that he had gathered the wealth of gold we were carrying home.

While congratulating ourselves on the goodly supply of provisions and water we still had on hand, and on the dangers we had escaped, we were startled by hearing a most terrific explosion, caused by the tearing apart of a huge mountain of ice. It was a deafening roar like the firing of a thousand cannon. We were sailing at the time with great speed, and happened to be near a monstrous iceberg which to all appearances was as immovable as a rockbound island. It seemed, however, that the iceberg had split and was breaking apart, whereupon the balance of the monster along which we were sailing was destroyed, and it began dipping from us. My father quickly anticipated the danger before I realized its awful possibilities. The iceberg extended down into the water many hundreds of feet, and, as it tipped over, the portion coming up out of the water caught our fishing-craft like a lever on a fulcrum, and threw it into the air as if it had been a football.

Our boat fell back on the iceberg, that by this time had changed the side next to us for the top. My father was still in the boat, having become entangled in the rigging, while I was thrown some twenty feet away.

I quickly scrambled to my feet and shouted to my Father, who answered: "All is well." Just then

a realization dawned upon me. Horror upon horror! The blood froze in my veins. The iceberg was still in motion, and its great weight and force in toppling over would cause it to submerge temporarily. I fully realized what a sucking maelstrom it would produce amid the worlds of water on every side. They would rush into the depression in all their fury, like white-fanged wolves eager for human prey.

In this supreme moment of mental anguish, I remember glancing at our boat, which was lying on its side, and wondering if it could possibly right itself, and if my Father could escape. Was this the end of our struggles and adventures? Was this death? All these questions flashed through my mind in the fraction of a second, and a moment later I was engaged in a life and death struggle. The ponderous monolith of ice sank below the surface, and the frigid waters gurgled around me in frenzied anger. I was in a saucer, with the waters pouring in on every side. A moment more and I lost consciousness.

When I partially recovered my senses, and roused from the swoon of a half-drowned man, I found myself wet, stiff, and almost frozen, lying on the iceberg. But there was no sign of my Father or of our little fishing sloop. The monster berg had recovered itself, and, with its new balance, lifted its head perhaps fifty feet above the waves. The top of this island of ice was a plateau perhaps half an acre in extent.

I loved my Father well, and was grief-stricken at the awfulness of his death. I railed at fate, that I, too, had not been permitted to sleep with him in the depths of the ocean. Finally, I climbed to my feet and looked about me. The purple-domed sky above, the shoreless green ocean beneath, and only an occasional iceberg discernible! My heart sank in hopeless despair. I cautiously picked my way across the berg toward the other side, hoping that our fishing craft had righted itself.

Dared I think it possible that my Father still lived? It was but a ray of hope that flamed up in my heart. But the anticipation warmed my blood in my veins and started it rushing like some rare stimulant through every fiber of my body.

I crept close to the precipitous side of the iceberg, and peered far down, hoping, still hoping. Then I made a circle of the berg, scanning every foot of the way, and thus I kept going around and around. One part of my brain was certainly becoming maniacal, while the other part, I believe, and do to this day, was perfectly rational.

I was conscious of having made the circuit a dozen times, and while one part of my intelligence knew, in all reason, there was not a vestige of hope, yet some strange fascinating aberration bewitched and compelled me still to beguile myself with expectation. The other part of my brain seemed to tell me that while there was no possibility of my Father being alive, yet, if I quit making the circuitous pilgrimage, if I paused for a single moment, it would be acknowledgment of defeat, and, should I do this, I felt that I should go mad. Thus, hour after hour I walked around and around, afraid to stop and rest, yet physically powerless to continue much longer. Oh! horror of horrors! to be cast away in this wide expanse of waters without food or drink, and only a treacherous iceberg for an abiding place. My heart sank within me, and all semblance of

hope was fading into black despair.

Then the hand of the Deliverer was extended, and the death-like stillness of a solitude rapidly becoming unbearable was suddenly broken by the firing of a signal-gun. I looked up in startled amazement, when, I saw, less than a half-mile away, a whaling-vessel bearing down toward me with her sail full set.

Evidently my continued activity on the iceberg had attracted their attention. On drawing near, they put out a boat, and, descending cautiously to the water's edge, I was rescued, and a little later lifted on board the whaling-ship.

I found it was a Scotch whaler, "The Arlington." She had cleared from Dundee in September, and started immediately for the Antarctic, in search of whales. The Captain, Angus MacPherson, seemed kindly disposed, but in matters of discipline, as I soon learned, possessed of an iron will. When I attempted to tell him that I had come from the "inside" of the Earth, the Captain and Mate looked at each other, shook their heads, and insisted on my being put in a bunk under strict surveillance of the ship's physician.

I was very weak for want of food, and had not slept for many hours. However, after a few days' rest, I got up one morning and dressed myself without asking permission of the physician or anyone else, and told them that I was as sane as anyone.

The Captain sent for me and again questioned me concerning where I had come from, and how I came to be alone on an iceberg in the far off Antarctic Ocean. I replied that I had just come from the "inside" of the Earth, and proceeded to tell him how my Father and myself had gone in by way of Spitzbergen, and come out by way of the South Pole country, whereupon I was put in irons. I afterward heard the Captain tell the Mate that I was as crazy as a March hare, and that I must remain in confinement until I was rational enough to give a truthful account of myself.

Finally, after much pleading and many promises, I was released from irons. I then and there decided to invent some story that would satisfy the Captain, and never again refer to my trip to the land of "The Smoky God," at least until I was safe among friends.

Within a fortnight I was permitted to go about and take my place as one of the seamen. A little later the Captain asked me for an explanation. I told him that my experience had been so horrible that I was fearful of my memory, and begged him to permit me to leave the question unanswered until some time in the future. "I think you are recovering considerably," he said, "but you are not sane yet by a good deal." "Permit me to do such work as you may assign," I replied, "and if it does not compensate you sufficiently, I will pay you immediately after I reach Stockholm - to the last penny." Thus the matter rested.

On finally reaching Stockholm, as I have already related, I found that my good Mother had gone to her reward more than a year before. I have also told how, later, the treachery of a relative landed me in a madhouse, where I remained for twenty-eight years - seemingly unending years - and, still later, after my release, how I returned to the life of a fisherman, following it sedulously

for twenty-seven years, then how I came to America, and finally to Los Angeles, California. But all this can be of little interest to the reader. Indeed, it seems to me the climax of my wonderful travels and strange adventures was reached when the Scotch sailing-vessel took me from an iceberg on the Antarctic Ocean.

Finally, there are now available some very important recent communications from the Inner Earth (c.2000-3) in two books by **Dianne Robbins,** firstly, **"Messages from the Hollow Earth"** from **Mikos** within the hollow Inner Earth realm on the inside of the Planet's cavity, and secondly, **"TELOS, the Call Goes Out from the Hollow Earth and Underground Cities"** from **Adama** of the cavern city-civilisation of Telos within the Earth's crust, situated several miles below Mt Shasta in California. *(See the Link to these books at the end of this document).*

Here are a few excerpts from **"Messages from the Hollow Earth" by Dianne Robbins:**

The Library of Porthologos

I am **Mikos,** Guardian of the Earth's records, and all records in your Solar System and Universe. I am here, in the cavity of Earth, primarily to guard the history of all life everywhere. This is our prime purpose and the purpose for the Library of Porthologos.

Our Library is the only one of its kind in our vast system of Planets. Our Library is so vast that it covers 456 square miles of terrain and has vast storage vaults containing records all stored on crystal slides that are viewed through our crystal projectors. Our storage facilities are vast, organized and categorized, so that you can easily locate the information you are looking for and retrieve it for viewing. We have vast conveyers that will deliver your order within minutes, and then return it back to its storage location again. This way, every item in the Library is always where it should be and can be easily found and perfectly preserved. Such is our technological capabilities. For we have drawn on the technology of the Universe we reside in, and have the most advanced methods of preservation and storage and retrieval that would marvel your library systems. . . . .

And now, I and my entourage have been awaiting you on the doorstep to the Library of Porthologos, where the white alabaster steps twinkle with the sparks of embedded crystals and diamonds, leading into the great halls of our Library located inside the Earth's vast interior.

Today we will take you on a tour through our halls, and show you what a true library in your future will look like. Your future libraries will look like ours, as ours is the model that all libraries will replicate. We will start with the outer grounds, as there are inner grounds too. The outer grounds are lush with grasses, flowers, bushes and trees; and there are circular clearings with soft benches and lounging chairs in the center, accompanied by small, round, tall tables to set your accouterments on. There are small springs of waterfalls and fountains in these enclosures, for our water is alive and in a full state of consciousness that sings. Yes, our water sings, and as you lounge in our secluded enclosure you are sung to by the water of life, as it sprays from our fountains with melodies of deep love that harmonizes and balances all the cells

in your body. From this state of deep peacefulness and harmony, we sit and relax at intervals during our work-day.

And now we go inside the Library of Porthologos, and walk up the crystal staircase, where the door opens up into the Universe. Yes, the Library is multidimensional! As you enter, you see the Milky Way Galaxy floating around you, and can glance into the heavens beyond, which encompasses our whole Universe. You see the Stars and Suns and other Solar Systems revolving around our Central Sun; and you feel part of "All That Is", as indeed you are….

You see people everywhere - walking, talking, studying, sitting, reclining, dreaming and just soaking in the vibrations of peace. Everywhere there are flowers of great vibrancy and fountains and pools of water spilling forth their choruses of song. You look around and see secluded alcoves interspersed throughout the vast halls, with the most ergonomically structured chairs beckoning you to recline upon them. You find one calling to you, and you sit down and experience a connection to this chair that tunes you to its vibration so that you are connected to the mainframe of the internal computer in the library. You are, so to speak, "wired up" with the wireless wires, and fully connected to the operating system, which you operate with your thoughts and feelings, and which will take you anywhere you "wish" to go in our Galaxy. You navigate with your mind, using your thoughts as your directional compass for coordinates of latitude and longitude. And it is so natural that you marvel at its simplicity and naturalness. And you travel in consciousness, and explore our Galaxy and Universe "first hand" and for the first time in your fully conscious Human state.

This is yet another aspect of what our library offers to its visitors, along with its crystal slides of all recorded history of our entire Universe. And you are here through the vibrational frequency of our words, as you read them and envision the sights in your "imagination". We welcome you, and invite you to enter at any time. Just call to us for entry, as our call is always going out to you. I am Mikos, and I am here to guide you personally through our Library whenever you call. You don't need a "Library Card", as your identification is inscribed in the DNA of your cells. We await your visit.

Our Oceans and Beaches - Our Water is Alive with Consciousness

Good morning. It is **Mikos** calling to you from the ocean shore in the Hollow Earth, where I am walking along the beach watching the waves lap the sand. Our oceans are large, nay huge in comparison to yours, with waves larger in size and stronger in force. The oceans flow swiftly around our inner globe, and ebb and flow in tides affected by the Earth's outer Moon just as your tides are. For the magnetic pull of the Moon is felt inside the Earth as well.

We all spend much of our time on the beaches, walking on the sand along the shore, and swimming in the ocean's clean, clear water. The water in our oceans and rivers is composed of living consciousness, and it is our water's consciousness that keeps us young forever.

Our shorelines are packed with the purest of sand, white colored and soft and crystal clear specs of the smoothest particles you have ever stepped on. Walking on our sandy beaches is akin to having the best foot massage possible. And we do walk on our beaches for this very purpose, for

its massage soothes our feet and mind simultaneously. Our ocean's waves lap our shorelines with the purest and cleanest of water you have ever seen or tasted. And the temperature is always perfect for our bodies. Not too warm and not too cold. We walk into our oceans where it is shallow, and swim out great distances without ever getting tired or cold. No one here ever drowns. This is unheard of and unimaginable. We are all great swimmers, and our oceans and lakes support us so that we stay on top of the water.

Our water has consciousness, and talks to us while we are immersed in it. Yes, our water talks. When we swim, our water becomes part of our body, and we are one body, one ocean, swimming along the currents and through the waves. We merge ourselves completely with the water's consciousness, and our swim is a trip in consciousness itself. It is so much more than what you experience in your surface lakes and oceans, where the consciousness of your water has become so densified and polluted that it has lost its voice and vitality and life force. It weakly calls out to you, but you don't hear it. It calls out to you for help. It calls out to you to stop polluting it, to stop bombarding it with ELF sound waves, to stop the whaling ships and underwater experiments, and oil spills, and submarines, and cruise ships from destroying and poisoning its life force. But alas, it rests on deaf ears.

The Inner Earth's Oceans contain all of the life that's in the upper oceans, and more. Our oceans are teeming with life, and all of the marine forms live in harmony with one another.

All are on a vegetarian diet and do not hunt others. All live in harmony. All the marine life is very evolved compared to the life in the surface oceans. All are used to the peace and safety of our waters, and all are accessible to us. We all communicate directly to the Cetaceans and fish, and live cooperatively and in peace with one another.

Since we are all on a vegetarian diet, we don't hunt the Whales, go fishing or farm shrimp. Therefore, Mother Nature is free to evolve in our oceans and our oceans are sanctuaries to all ocean life. We just call to whomever we want to talk to, and they swim to our shores and converse with us. It would seem truly magical to you, but to us it is commonplace. Remember, all of us in the Hollow Earth know we are ONE….

On our land areas, our fields of grains sparkle and thrive and are perfectly touched by the “Sun” and rain to produce the most luscious of crops that are so pleasing to our palates and so invigorating for our bodies. Our food pulses with the force of life, and when eaten by us, transfers the life-force into our very cells, which results in perfect health and longevity of years.

This is the secret of life; this is the hidden fountain of youth you've all been looking for on your surface. It is found in the Earth herself, just waiting to give you its Life-force if you will but follow Nature's laws of planting and harvesting crops, using only Nature herself to direct the process and oversee the growth. With the great forces of Nature working with you, you don't need to add anything to the soil, and the harvests are always magnificent in size and nutrients and taste.

Adama of Telos talks of his experience of visiting the Oceans and Mountains within the Inner Earth cavity

The Earth's Interior is the mirror image of the surface foundation. Everything is in reverse order in the inside of the Earth. The mountain ranges are in direct proportion to the dimensions of the Earth's cavity, and tower above the landscape. The oceans are larger than life, and flow calmly and swiftly around the inside of the globe. The air is crisp and clean, and the sand is white. The Central Sun is dimmer than the sun on the outside, and reflects the Light from the Heavens.

The cities are all nestled in lush woodlands, overflowing with flowers and huge trees. There is green growth surrounding all man-made structures. Everything is in perpetual blossom and bloom. It is a land of wonder and beauty.

All is in perfect proportion to the size of the circumference of the interior. Everything is larger than life - even the great Beings who inhabit the interior are larger than the Mortals on the outside. All is beauty, and all is in a heavenly state of bliss.

Just picture the interior foundation reflecting the exterior foundation; with mountain ranges higher, and the ocean currents swifter, and the green land growth lush beyond compare. You do not need to picture a change in the contour of the land. It is still in its pristine beauty, and replicates how life on the surface once was. The exact location of the mountain ranges and oceans is not necessary to know at this time. What is necessary to know is that this Inner World exists, and co-exists with the surface, under peaceful and contrary conditions….

The Hollow Earth is a Paradise, with tall, graceful mountains jutting into the “sky”; and large, clear, clean lakes and oceans that abound with life. The diet in the Hollow Earth is strictly vegetarian, and people are healthy, robust, and strong. They, too, have isolated themselves from the surface population, although they come and leave the Earth freely using the spacecraft that are kept there in the Spaceport in the inside of the Earth. So although they are inside the Earth, they have freedom and health, and abundance and peace - all the necessary components of life that you on the surface have been crying out for.

There is free travel between the subterranean cities and the Hollow Earth through the tunnels, using our electromagnetic trains that can take us from one part of the Earth to another in a fraction of the time it takes you on the surface. Our transportation is quick and efficient, and burns no fuels. Therefore, there's no pollution underground.

We live inside Cavern Homes from which we can look out onto our green world outside

Mikos: Now that you are somewhat familiar with the Hollow Earth, we can “dig” further into your credibility and introduce another factor of our living arrangements underground.

Underground, we do not live out in the open spaces the way you do on the surface. Our Hollow Earth cavity is pristine because we don't tread upon her inner surface nor build upon her. We don't have shopping malls and expanses of highways nor towering buildings. We live inside caverns, with openings facing outward towards the open, wide spaces of the Hollow cavity inside the Earth. Sure, we travel inside the cavity on our electromagnetic vehicles that levitate a few inches above the ground, never touching the ground. We walk softly on the earthen paths and run along the streams, rivers and oceans, and climb the towering mountains. But that is the

extent of our foot contact with the terrain. The rest we leave to Nature's Devas and Elementals, as it is their land, too.

All our living activity takes place within our inner caverns, which are vast and wide and high and composed of crystalline rocks and gemstones and crystal arches radiating full-spectrum colored rainbows of sparkling light into our cavern atmosphere. Our walls are lined with natural rainbow-hued waterfalls, humidifying the air with the vibrancy and song of its water cascading down. Yes, our water "sings" - and its chorus brings our body cells into harmony, so that our bodies are always vibrating to our water and crystalline surroundings that keep us energized and vibrant all day long. We need little sleep, because our cells are always tuned and in harmony to the natural rhythm of Mother Earth herself. When you are tuned like a tuning fork, then you carry the full life force of our Mother, and your battery never runs down. Hence, there is little need for the long hours of sleep such as you experience it. You are drained and run-down after a day in your "sweatshops", but we are always as vibrant at the end of our days as we are when we begin them. We live "in" and "with" the Earth, whereas you live "outside" and "separate" from her. Hence, you are "cut off", while we are a "part" of her. This is the big difference.

Your Spiritual Hierarchy has been preparing housing for you inside these vast, uninhabited caverns in Earth's interior, and when the external "Earth Changes" come, many of you will be moved en masse into them to continue your present incarnation inside Earth, not "on" her. You will encounter a "whole" new way of living that is wholesome and rich and perfect in every way. It will expand your consciousness and expand your horizon, and your horizon will be an inner horizon vaster than when you walk outdoors on the surface. A whole new horizon is waiting for you to experience.

Events will start happening fast now, as time is speeding up even faster as world karma is playing itself out. Just ride with the tide and know you are safe wherever you are. You are all being directed and guided from within, and you are all being provided for. What you witness through your media is only a "play", a drama that they want you to believe is real, just because the actors are real. But the actors are just "playing out their part" in the world's drama, and this is the biggest "hit" yet of the new Millennium, playing on your TV and movie theater screens everywhere. Just turn the knob off, go within yourself, and feel and focus on World Peace. Peace is the real movie, and the only "reel" to watch.

Soon, you will see us, and soon you, too, will be living perfectly suited to your new way of life.

"Messages from the Hollow Earth" – Channeled, published and distributed by: **Dianne Robbins** - Box 10945, Rochester, NY 14610-0945 USA - to contact Dianne directly phone: 585-802-4530 - e-mail: TelosMtShasta@gmail.com

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"TELOS, the Call Goes Out from the Hollow Earth and Underground Cities" Dianne Robbins.

Greetings from Telos! I AM ADAMA, Ascended Master and High Priest of Telos, a Subterranean City beneath Mt. Shasta in California. I am dictating this message to you from my

home beneath the Earth, where over a million of us live in perpetual peace and prosperity. We are Human and physical just as you, except for the fact that our mass consciousness holds thoughts of only Immortality and Perfect Health. Therefore, we can live hundreds and even thousands of years in the same body. I, myself, have been in the same body now for over 600 years.

We came here over 12,000 years ago before a thermal nuclear war took place that destroyed the Earth's surface. We faced such hardships and calamities above ground, that we decided to continue our evolution underground. We appealed to the Spiritual Hierarchy of the Planet for permission to renovate the already existing cavern inside Mt. Shasta, and prepare it for the time when we would need to evacuate our homes above ground.

When the war was to begin, we were warned by the Spiritual Hierarchy to begin our evacuation to this underground cavern by going through the vast tunnel system that's spread throughout the Planet. We had hoped to save all our Lemurian people, but there was only time to save 25 thousand souls. The remainder of our Race perished in the blast. For the past 12,000 years, we have been able to rapidly evolve in consciousness due to our isolation from the marauding bands of extraterrestrials and other hostile races that prey on the surface population. The surface population has been experiencing great leaps of consciousness in preparation for Humanity to move through the Photon Belt. It is for this reason that we have begun to contact surface dwellers to make our existence known. For in order for the Earth and Humanity to continue to ascend in consciousness, the whole planet must be united and merged into ONE Light from below and ONE Light from above.

It is for this reason that we are contacting you to make you aware of our underground existence, so you can bring the fact of our existence to the attention of our fellow brothers and sisters above ground.

Our book of channeled messages is written to Humanity, in hopes that they will recognize and receive us when we emerge from our homes beneath ground and merge with them on the surface, in the not too far distant future. We will be grateful to you for the part you play in helping us broadcast the reality of our existence. We thank you. In the name of the One Creator of All, I AM ADAMA

The above books can be obtained as an e-book or in a printed version from the following Link (if you have problems obtaining the PayPal Order Link, please e-mail Dianne directly at: TelosMtShasta@gmail.com):

www.onelight.com

The New Earth Index Page